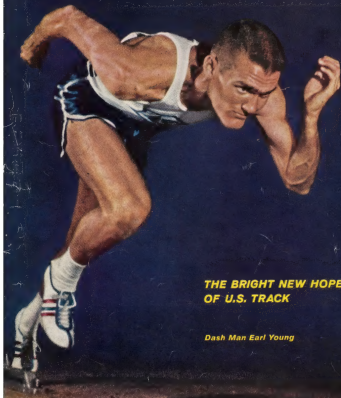


Sports Illustrated

JUNE 19, 1961 25 CENTS



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doctor's care—whose skin diseases were aggravated by shaving irritation—improved when they used electric shavers with adjustable comb-like rollers. When adjusted to prevent cutting the eruptions, the roller combs reduce the likelihood of scarring.

2. Doctors caution about repeated nicks, cuts and irritations on noses and other skin growths. The doctors warned that pigmented moles should never be irritated by repeated nicks. Such irritation from shaving is greatly reduced with an electric shaver.

3. Shaving among women does not stimulate coarse hair growth. Women and

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4. The doctors agreed Remington gives softest close shave. Photographs taken several hours after shaving showed difference in beard length was almost negligible after shaving with a blade and some electric shavers (allowing both methods adequate break-in period).

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Next week

Arnold Palmer is favored, but Sam Snead or a down-swinger could win the U.S. Open. From Oxford Hills near Detroit a report by Alfred Wright on the pair's biggest tournament.

Americans are polygodolites, says Australia rider Herb Elliott. We drink too much, we don't exercise and our women are vain and demanding. Some readers may disagree.

As millionaires approach in number typically eight National League pitchers rise, Tex Maule analyzes the factors that should be decisive and heavily makes his choice of a winner.



SCORECARD

BEFORE THE FACT

Ford Frick, the baseball commissioner, currently has his lieutenant, Frank Slocum, scurrying about to poll the players, coaches and managers of both the National and American League teams. From the results of Slocum's poll the All Star teams will be set for the first (yep, there are two again this year) All-Star Game, which will be played in San Francisco on July 11.

The commissioner's office will not reveal the names of the participants until July 2, but here are our selections for both teams. American League: catcher, John Romano, Cleveland; first base, Norm Cash, Detroit; second base, Johnny Temple, Cleveland; third base, Brooks Robinson, Baltimore; shortstop, Tony Kubek, New York; left field, Rocky Colavito, Detroit; right field, Roger Maris, New York; center field, Jimmy Piersall, Cleveland; starting pitcher, Whitey Ford, New York. National League: catcher, Snooky Bargasess, Pittsburgh; first base, Orlando Cepeda, San Francisco; second base, Frank Bolling, Milwaukee; third base, Eddie Mathews, Milwaukee; shortstop, Maury Wills, Los Angeles; left field, Wally Moon, Los Angeles; right field, Hank Aaron, Milwaukee; center field, Willie Mays, San Francisco; starting pitcher, Sandy Koufax, Los Angeles.

FUZZY ETHICS

But Cousy, of the Boston Celtics, a mature man and undeniably the best basketball player in the world, discussed the current college scandals last week with John W. Fox, sports editor of *The Evening Press*, Binghamton, N.Y. Cousy said:

"Our American society has become rotten to the core, and I find it awfully hard to make these bullplayers any more criminal than the 'point-shaving' on millions of income tax returns and illegal insurance rebates that nearly as many try to fling. This is the society that these players have been brought up in, and to my way of thinking the players involved are the least guilty of anyone at all in-

involved in creating their environment."

If American society is rotten at all, it is in the prevalence of the deterministic notion that no man can be better than his environment. We prefer to think that a society is as good as its individuals, rather than vice versa, and we have always thought Cousy was one of the people who helped make it better.

THE ICEMAN RETURNETH

Oakland Hills Country Club, site of this year's U.S. Open, was the subject of much awe and respect last week from the touring professionals getting their first look at it. "The best course I have ever seen, and the toughest," said Jay Hebert. "A 290 could win." "Beautiful; but, man, what trouble," said brother Lionel Hebert.

All of which brought pardonable little smiles from Ben Hogan, who won the Open at Oakland Hills just 10 years ago when this duffer's nightmare was tougher still. Playing a practice round with the Heberts, Ben couldn't help but recall the old days.

"See that trap, boys? It stuck out 10 yards farther in 1951. . . . There used to be only 19 steps between those bunkers. A man couldn't shoot a rifle through there. . . . This green has a cute roll in it that you fellows will really like, especially when the pin is behind the water on the right."

This nostalgic scene with an aging and honored athlete might have been appreciated by the Heberts even more if it weren't for the way Hogan was striking the golf ball. On the par-3 17th he hit a perfect four-wood 200 yards to the pin. "Now look over there behind that trap to the left," he said. "That's part of the green too, and the flag is sometimes there. Watch the ball bounce." Then Hogan hit another four-wood to that section of the green. His iron, too, was high, strong and straight, as they must be for demanding Oakland Hills.

"Ben has prepared his game just for this course," said Lionel, later. "I don't know how he does it, but he sure looks strong," said Jay. "Froes tee to green,"

stammered up Lionel, "nobody is going to play this Open as well as Hogan."

Unmentioned was Hogan's great concern, his putting. "You've got to put your brains out to do well here," said Hogan himself after a day of contending with the humps and hummocks that make Oakland Hills' greens the orneriest of this country's courses. "You've got to be a magician." If Hogan can find a little magic to go with the rest of his game, he is going to jolt the young men at Oakland Hills for the second time in 10 years.

A REAL CLIFFHANGER

Horaces are about as unpredictable as betters. In Australia recently a pacer named Concoe was entered in the Divided Handicap at Wyong raceway. He was being transported to the track in a trailer boat, towed by a truck. Aboard was his owner-driver, Robert Ferlazzo. The boat broke loose from the truck and hurtled over a cliff. It rolled over and over, and Mr. Ferlazzo thought his horse was sure gone. But no, Concoe got up, shook himself, and, except for a cut above his eye and a few bruises, was ready to race.

"He was a bit excited at first," Mr. Ferlazzo said, "but after we walked him



around at the course he was in top condition, although we thought he would be sore and lame."

Concoe had been 3 to 1 with the bookies, but after they got the word he had fallen off a cliff, Mr. Ferlazzo managed to get £3 down at 8 to 1. Concoe won by three lengths. "I've got a real horse there," Mr. Ferlazzo remarked after pocketing £40 and the purse money. Concoe got an extra carrot as a reward for his fine recovery and courage.

SPORTING LOOK

A few minutes before that noted flabby American, Anchie Moore, started to scramble the handsome countenance of Giulio Rinaldi at Madison Square Garden last week (see page 14) the ring announcer, Johnny Addie, said, "We understand that the greatest pound-for-pound fighter of all time, Sugar Ray Robinson, is in the house. Would he please come forward."

Robinson got out of his seat on the 45th Street side of the arena and circled toward the ring in a jog. The crowd roared. Sugar was dressed in a marvelous gold-colored jacket spotted with black-and-green designs resembling a field of pansies. He seemed to get into the ring, somehow, without touching the ropes at all. He was, of course, perfectly burbled and he flashed his big handsome smile and, even though the Garden was choked with former champions, no one looked at anyone else as he bounded around for a few seconds. The crowd cheered his footwork, his smile, his marvelous jacket; then, still affordably, he passed through the ropes and was gone. One wished for a miracle to make that man 20 years younger.

INSIDE TRACK

• Carry Back, who lost the Belmont in his bid for the Triple Crown, will not start in the July 15 Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct, as has been reported, but will wait for the August 2 Choice Stakes at Moosmouth Park.

• Ford Frick, baseball's commissioner, has a serious problem in the second All-Star Game, scheduled for Boston's Fenway Park on Monday, July 31. Because of double-headers on July 30, it is possible, under current commercial airline scheduling, that players picked from the St. Louis Cardinals and Milwaukee Braves of the National League may not even arrive in Boston until the morning of the game, while players from the Cleveland Indians and Los Angeles Angels of the American League will have to fly all night to get there. The game already has been pushed to a 3 p.m. starting time and the playing schedules are so thoroughly confused that if rain comes, the second All-Star Game will never be played.

NORTH, SOUTH AND, WELL, SMOOT

On other southern fields a hundred years ago, brother fought brother with musket and saber. In the Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium at Annapolis last

week, where the names of battles like Tarawa and Kwajalein, Leyte and Iwo Jima are etched in concrete, brother met brother again in the 20th annual North-South college all-star lacrosse game.

Leading the North lacrosse was Bill McHenry, 29, head coach at Williams College. Brother Bob McHenry, 26, head coach at Washington and Lee, handled the Gray.

"The South may have more finesse," said Bill before the game, "but we'll try and run them into the ground."

"We'll have to be a little more flashy because they are a little more burly," said brother Bob of the South.

As it turned out, the South had enough class to withstand the North's pressure and won 12-9. But the game was close, and a local favorite, Jay Taylor of Baltimore, scored three goals for the winners.

"Well, shoot, honey," said a young man to his girl as he waved a Confederate flag, "we all lost the war but we won the game."

PHILADELPHIA PRODIGY

Jeffrey Earl Harris, aged 12, is a freshman at Central High School in Philadelphia who literally stumbled on chess because other sports were overcrowded. He was playing baseball (his favorite game) when he collided with a 200-pound man who was playing badminton. The collision broke Jeff's arm, and his father, a Philadelphia businessman, bought him a chess set so he wouldn't go swimming while he was wearing his cast.

A short time after the cast was removed, Jeff entered a neighborhood tournament in Philadelphia, where he attracted the attention of Amilio Di Camillo, the famous chess master who had taught Charles Kalme, the intercollegiate champion, Lisa Lane, the U.S. women's champion, and John Hudson, co-winner of the armed forces championship, among others.

Di Camillo says that Jeff Harris is the most naturally gifted chess player he has ever seen. Jeff won his varsity letter playing first board for the Central High chess team (Philadelphia is one of the few U.S. cities with a highly developed interscholastic chess program). Each Saturday at the Franklin-Mercantile Chess Club he went through five hours of merciless analysis by Di Camillo of his errors. He also mastered chess literature and learned to pronounce names like Maroczy and Znosko-Borovsky. Last month in a casual chess club game he

continued

FACES IN THE CROWD



BARBARA DALLE, 18, Dallas resident teacher who was only American to win two gold medals (gymnastics and rebound jumping) in AAU national gymnastic meet, was named outstanding American Gymnast by Midwest Gymnastic Club.



RICK KIRBY, of Rosemead (Calif.) H.S., who is still a sophomore, swam 200-yard freestyle in 1:47.9 in Southern California interscholastic meet, broke 300 national scholastic record of 1:52.7 set by Steve Clark of Los Altos (Calif.) H.S.



TRENTON JACKSON, of Benjamin Franklin H.S. in Rochester, N.Y. who plans to enter University of Illinois in fall, ran 100-yard dash in 8.4 in high school meet at Rochester, tied national scholastic record first set by Jesse Owens in 1934.



MRS. FRED ALFORD, Dallas, Texas grandmother, hit 199 of 200 targets in 12-gauge competition in Pan-American International Steel Tournament at Dallas, edged Mrs. Betty Annan of Aspen, Colo. in shoot-off for women's championship.



CLARK GRAEBNER, of Lakewood (Ohio) H.S. captured state scholastic singles championship for third straight year when he won 160-0 at Columbus, Ohio, became second boy to accomplish feat, equaled mark set by Tony Trabert.



LARRY MACK, senior at Morton H.S. in Cicero, Ill. pushed rockers game at Morton beat Wood River H.S. 20-0 for state title, later revealed that he would forsake baseball to concentrate on football and basketball when he enters Annapolis.



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SCORECARD continued

beat Arnold Denker, former U.S. champion. Then he entered the U.S. amateur championship tournament, tied for sixth among 141 contenders and made a better score than Bobby Fischer made in the same tournament at the same age. He has also produced his first poem (an English assignment), which dwells on Jeff's dissatisfaction with his name:

*Were it Güterich, Fajarsiewicz, Kohn-
nowski or Spassky,
Oh, what a Master I'd be.
Even Gosenbell, Tarrasch, Telegovis,
or Sämisch,
The world would take notice of me.
But Harris, plain Harris, just makes
me embarrassed . . .*

MISSION UNACCOMPLISHED

Some 80 members of the National Association of State Racing Commissioners met in Toronto last week to kick around some of their sport's problems. We would like to be able to report that the commissioners resolved the question of Butazolidin, that controversial anti-inflammatory compound which is legal to use in some states and illegal to use in others. But we can't.

The majority of states ruled against Butazolidin, as they did a year ago, on the ground its use definitely does have an effect on the performance of a racing horse. Other states, notably Illinois, Kentucky, Maryland and Florida, will continue to accept the drug—in fact, there was some strong testimony in favor; a spokesman for trainers and other horsemen said that a majority of professionals want Butazolidin to keep all horses in the best racing condition at all times.

As we see it, the commissioners still have the duty of reaching a uniform decision on drugs. Butazolidin yes, or Butazolidin no, the verdict is theirs, and they should come up with one.

FAST COMPANY

The Half Century 500, a 30-minute movie, is making its way around the country on television stations. It is probably one of the best sports shows ever made, for it brings to people who may care very little about automobile racing a feeling of actually being at Indianapolis on Memorial Day.

Produced by Racefilm Productions, the show goes back to the first "500" in 1911 when 40 cars entered and four crashed up. This part of the show is pro-

vided by silent film with captions and a brief narration. Most of the film deals with this year's race and shows, vividly, the accidents and spins during the practice laps and time trials, including the death of Terry Bettenhausen. The five-car pile-up during the race itself was photographed head-on and a viewer wonders how any of the drivers managed to escape death.

One gets a feeling of the danger of the Indy, but the color and ceremony and the dedication of the participants also come through vividly. The show ends when a camera, mounted on a racing car, shows the old bricks in the homestretch. A cluster of balloons goes up in the air and the narrator says, "When these are gone there only remains the half-century-old bricks of the main straightaway."

When the show reaches your channel, make sure to tune it in.

THEY SAID IT

• Byron Nelson, onetime ruler of the PGA golfing tour, discussing the problems of his pupil, Ken Venturi: "I'm afraid Ken isn't leveling with himself if he says he doesn't fear Arnold Palmer. He's finding it harder to accept blame for a bad shot. He'll blame it on a camera, anything. He doesn't talk to me much any more about his troubles, but he's got such wonderful ability he can't play too badly. He's thinking too much about Palmer and that isn't good."

• Brasilo Barea, the jockey who rode Shertack to 65-to-1 upset of Carry Back in Belmont Stakes, explaining why he began flipping carnations from the victory wreath to the crowd: "Many people think it is a Panamanian custom but that is not truth. Brasilo does this because he is happy boy. Maybe now all jockeys will do this after they win the Belmont."

• Rocky Bridges, utility man for the Los Angeles Angels, talking about the press's methods of carrying leading hitters: "I notice in the papers that this is the sixth straight week I'm not on the list of the league's 10 top hitters. But they neglect to say that it's the 15th year that I've been in a slump."

• Luther Hodges, Secretary of Commerce, discussing the problems of athletics in colleges: "Much of [the] trouble here—the reasons for this lingering nonsense that old alma mater must have winning teams—can be traced, I think, squarely to us alumni. I think it's about time us aging rah-rah boys grew up and let up."

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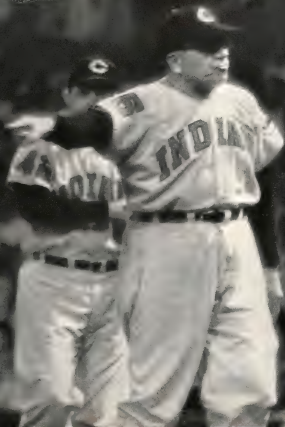
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**Sports
Illustrated**

JUNE 19, 1961



AN OLD CHIEF ON THE WARPATH

Jimmie Dykes, that comical, crotchety 64-year-old, has his Cleveland Indians steamed up and headed for the pennant

by WALTER BINGHAM

Mr. James Joseph Dykes, age 64, has not won a pennant in his 20 years as a major league manager, but the Cleveland Indians intend to do something about it this season. The Indians, with Jimmie Dykes in charge, have been playing at a furious pace during the last month—24 victories in 30 games—and they have risen from fifth place into a three-way battle with the Tigers and the Yankees for the American League lead.

Dykes, however, has been around baseball too long to get excited just yet. "Winning makes me irritable," he says in his gravel voice; and then, "Yes, they have been playing well," carefully avoiding the use of the first person. Dykes refuses to take any credit for the team's fine performance, but others are prepared to give it. Jimmy Piersall, the volatile center fielder, sings love songs about him, and it is significant that he refers to him as Mr. Dykes. Dykes's

Continued

OWN AND GROWLING. Dykes (left) dispenses a call with umpire Harry Schwarz (right). Piersall just glances.





CATCHER JOHN ROMANO GRABBED POP FLOU IN BOX SEATS AND LOSES BALANCE



TEAMMATE PHILIP RIZZUTO ROMANO BACK AND TELLS HIM RUNNER IS TAGGING UP



ROMANO THROWS, NAILS DETROIT RUNNER AT SECOND (BELOW) FOR DOUBLE PLAY



THE WARPATH *continued*

paternal influence has done much to keep the temperamental Piersall under control. In a recent game against Detroit, Piersall came charging in from center field to rage at the second-base umpire. But even as he reached him, Dykes's stumpy little figure appeared at the top steps of the Cleveland dugout. He waved to attract Piersall's attention, then pointed to center field. Piersall, like a well-trained spaniel, heeled and returned to his position.

Sometimes Dykes is gentle with Piersall, sometimes gruff. When Piersall complained too loudly recently about the poor seats some of his friends had received, he drew a low "tssy now" from Dykes. But when Piersall blew up at Detroit sportswriters because a Detroit fan in center field had thrown a hammer at him, Dykes roared, "Shut up and drink your ginger ale." Then he told the writers, "Don't mind him. He'll probably drive me crazy before the season is over, but he sure is playing ball."

Piersall is having a marvelous season, hitting over .350 and leading the league in hits. He had a good season last year, but his frequent antics—the bag bombs, hiding behind flagpoles and throwing water buckets on the field—were at the heart of the team. This year, with Dykes around to maintain at least fair control of him, Piersall has been a strong asset to the Indians.

The most valuable player on the team, however, has been John Romano, the catcher. Romano has also been hitting well above .300 and his defensive play has improved since last season. "Jimmie told me this spring that I was in charge of the game," says Romano. "It gave me a lot of confidence." Romano has a tendency to gain weight. "He was a lard last year," says Dykes. "He wouldn't back up first base. I told him in spring training that I was going to make him the best catcher in the league or kill him." Dykes made Romano run until it almost did kill him, but Romano got into splendid shape. Now no one on the team handles more than he does.

In the Detroit series last week Romano made a fine defensive play to end a game (left). Cleveland led by a run, but Detroit had a man on first with one out. Steve Beres lifted a high foul near the box seats behind the plate. As Romano leaned into the stands the runner on first tagged up. Romano caught the ball and balanced himself on the railing for

a second. Then Bubba Phillips, the third baseman, pulled him upright and Romano threw to second just in time for the final out. "He wouldn't even have caught that ball last year," said a Cleveland man.

Much more than Romano is different from last year. In 1960 nothing went right for the Indians. Johnny Temple, who joined Cleveland after eight good seasons at Cincinnati, had a poor year. It was obvious that he had dived down around second base and there were rumors that he was through. But Temple is a proud man, and only after the season did many people learn that he had a fractured bone in his ankle. "No one will ever know what I went through last year," he now says.

Bubba Phillips joined the team from the White Sox and hit a dreary .207. Lane in the season a group of visiting sportswriters asked Frank Lane, then Cleveland's general manager, what had gone wrong with Phillips. "I don't know," said Lane. "He's just in a slump and when you have a .260 hitter in a slump, you're really got something." Gary Bell had won 16 games for Cleveland in 1959, but last year he developed an inflamed tendon in his pitching shoulder. By August it was so painful that he was sent home for the remainder of the season.

But even with these misfortunes, the Indians were just two and a half games out of first place on July 14. That day Woodie Held, the home-run-hitting shortstop, broke his wrist. He was out of the lineup for six weeks, and after his injury the Indians lost and lost, finally finishing a very poor fourth.

Pitching now strong

This season everything is as sunny as it was dark last year. Temple is hitting around .320 and is moving, if not as well as he once did, certainly better than last year. Phillips is back at his accustomed .260 and is driving home important runs. He beat Detroit last week with a ninth-inning home run. Held is back at short and showing no effects of the injury. Perhaps most important of all, Bell is throwing hard again and he is winning. "I worked with a steel ball this winter," he says. "My arm still pains me a little, but not like it did." Bell, along with Jim Perry, Mudcat Grant and Wynn Hawkins have been giving the Indians strong pitching. Perry, nominally the ace of the staff, started a little slowly, but the Indians almost rejoice in this

since he is certain to pick up the slack as others drop off. A North Carolina boy, Perry has a brother named Gaylord in the Giants farm system who signed for a \$60,000 bonus. "Gaylord got the money and I got the arm," Perry says. Grant has an outstanding 7-0 record. "You keep going like that and you're going to own this club," Pincus said to him the other day. The only disappointment has been Johnny Antonelli, the old Giant, who hasn't won a game. "He'll be all right," says Dykes. "It's tough crouching leagues. He'll help us out when the going gets tough late in the season."

If the Cleveland starters have been good, the reliefs have been nothing short of incredible. There are three of them—Frank Funk, Berry Lattman and Bob Allen. All three throw hard and they have a combined record of 15 wins and only three losses. Funk is, of course, ribbed about his name. "It used to be Funkhauser a long time ago," he says. "I sometimes wonder why they didn't choose Hauser." A Cleveland columnist suggested that someone performing as gallantly as Funk should have a more romantic name—Frank Gallehad, for instance. A few days later the columnist got a letter from a lady pointing out that Funk was a word of Germanic origin meaning spark or power. The lady's name was Funk.

Funk, Lattman and Allen make life exceedingly pleasant for the starting pitchers, who are never called upon to relieve. Nor have the relievers been asked to start any games. "Jimmi is handling the staff well," says a front office man. "Come September, our pitchers will be rested and ready."

Dykes also tries to rest a few of the regulars occasionally, mostly in the late innings when the Indians are comfortably ahead. One player he has never rested, however, is Vic Power, the fancy-fielding first baseman. "When I get time off?" Power asked recently. Dykes smiled. "I can't rest you, Vic," he said. "People pay money to watch you play." Power is a treat to watch. He catches pop flies one-handed and often dips to his knees to receive throws from the infield. Waiting for a pitch, he vuggles his bat carefully in his left hand, turning the pitcher. "It is to excite the crowd," he explains.

Power may be a showman, but he is also a solid player. He covers such a wide area around first base that Casey Stengel once advised some of his left-handed batters to hit the ball to the

opposite field rather than pull it into Power's territory. No first baseman in the game is better at ducking in behind a runner and applying a quick tag. In a game against the Yankees last year he picked off Yogi Berra and Elston Howard in the same inning. Power's play this year has been normal—which is to say brilliant—and he is hitting his accustomed .290.

Dykes and the umpires

As well as Power, Romano, Pincus and the rest of the Indians have been playing, it is Jimmie Dykes who makes them a live team. In the dressing room he conducts a never-ending commentary on the world of baseball. In the dugout he crouches on his 64-year-old legs, yelling encouragement like a bullfrog. His sense of humor, when directed at his players, is gentle. When directed at his natural enemy, the umpire, it can hurt.

Last week Dykes drew blood. In a game at Detroit, Bob Hale of the Indians hit into a double play but was ruled safe at first on an atrocious call by Umpire Larry Napp. The Tigers stormed around Napp, and Detroit Manager Bob Scheffing hurried out across the diamond to join them. He had reached the pitcher's mound when Hale, deciding that no one was watching him, started for second. ("One key block was all I needed," he said later.) But Hale was spotted and tagged and the embarrassed Napp nearly broke his arm waving him out. Now Dykes stormed out of the dugout. He contended that with Scheffing already past the pitcher's mound, Detroit had 10 men on the field and play should have been stopped. Napp denied seeing Scheffing (who had hustled back to the dugout) and refused to ask the other three umpires if they had seen Scheffing. Dykes lodged a formal protest. "Now I've got to sit down and write one of those letters to [Joe] Cronin," he grumbled after the game.

The next night Dykes presented his lineup card to the umpires at home plate. Napp accepted it, looked at it and stuffed it in his pocket. "That lineup look O.K. to you?" asked Dykes. Napp nodded. "Then look again," Dykes snapped. "I got 10 men playing."

The Indians howled at the gag. Then they went out and beat the Tigers. Afterward, they howled some more. They were noisy and happy and winning. Jimmie Dykes may get his first pennant before he is 65.

ENR

AN EVENING WITH ARCHIE MOORE

Photograph by David Scheraga



"I'M ENDOWED WITH CERTAIN GIFTS"

"IT WAS A MATTER OF SKILL AGAINST BRUTE FORCE"



Archie Moore's triumph over Giulio Rinaldi was a satisfying if not first-rate show, but the champion's dressing room oration (below), complete with loving

attention to a diminished belly scarred by an old ulcer operation, was a grand performance. For the story of the fight and more Moore, turn the page



"I HAVE THE SECRET OF ENERGY UNLIMITED!"

"I WAS SO TUNED MY PANTS ALMOST FELL OFF ME!"



ARCHIE: MORE OR LESS

by GILBERT ROGIN

There are two Archie Moores. One lives inside the other. They are both men of wit, literacy and substance. The outer Moore is, materially, more substantial. When Archie promises, as he did before his fight with Giallo Rinaldi last week, that one will see "more Moore," he also means that one will see *less* Moore. The outer Moore weighs more than 200 pounds and has the indulgent contours of an unemployed channel swimmer. This is the abundant Moore: the veranda philosopher citing Aeschylus, admiring Aristotle; the after-dinner speaker; the San Diego rancher boxed out on quarts of mushy vanilla ice cream; the movie star. The inner Moore is the light heavyweight champion of the world, who reigns, in these divided times, in New York, Massachusetts, California, Europe and the British Commonwealth. He weighs less than 175 pounds and is, but rarely seen, skulking cannily like some eminence grise within the outer Moore until the strong, green scent of money forces him out.

His occasional appearances are well worth attending, however. His latest, the ninth defense of the title he won in 1952—when he was, by his own inadvertent admission and the solemn word of a boyhood friend, 36—occurred last Saturday night in Madison Square Garden before a restless crowd of 9,500. His opponent was young Rinaldi of Anzio, Italy who got a walk-on with Archie by defeating the outer Moore in Rome last October.

It is quite possible that Rinaldi was himself out before the fight began; as each celebrity came to wish him well in the ring, he rose from his stool, performed a dancing-school bow and sat down again. Moore, on the other hand, lounged in his corner in an off-white, florally brocaded silk robe which was created by Archie's mother-in-law ("She is one of the most talented of gown designers," says Archie) and which looked like it might have made a very fine tablecloth. When he removed the dressing gown, he revealed his Bermuda-length silk trunks, also by Mrs. Marie Hardy, which have the rich drapery effects of a Van Eyck. Moore says he wears long

pants "because I like to associate myself with another era, the era to which I belong, the era of Jack Dempsey."

During the first two rounds, but only then, it appeared as if Archie's association was accurate. Although they were both fast and as lacking in relevant incident as a Jackie-Nina luncheon, Rinaldi won them on the majority of cards. If Archie had allowed Giallo to continue in his fashion—daring strongly in and out, a tactic designed to wear Moore down—Archie would have lost, which never was his intention. As Archie says: "They should have known I wasn't going to tire, because I have the secret of energy unlimited. I do not know how old

THE BOY IS A MAN

Along with the congratulatory telegram that Archie Moore received after the fight, there were a few nasty ones. A Nashville attorney wired: YOU ARE A SLOW, YOU COULD NOT PROVE YOUR WALK OUT OF A PAPER BAG. TRY A FREEDOM RIDE. . . . He signed off, gaily: *JOHN J. McNEIL OF NASHVILLE*. Another telegram called Archie "boy," a southern euphemism for "nigger." The worst read Archie more than Rinaldi did. "When do I cease being a boy?" he asked. "What do I need to do to gain respect? I try to be a good man. This is a fight you cannot give up. There is no compromise for freedom. This is something everyone wants. I sympathize with all minorities. I'm one myself. The Negro had to have a hand in the making of America. Now it is his duty to try to see the light. Is that wrong? I want my children to be able to sit down in a restaurant, eat and then get up. I want them to be able to play in the park. I want them to ride on the roller coaster as it goes up and down. I want them to be able to go up and down on it."

Doc (Jack) Kearns, his 78-year-old manager is. But he has the secret and he's beautiful. I am endowed with certain gifts, like Aeschylus the slave was naturally endowed. One of my greatest gifts is a quick brain. Another is my catlike reflexes. And the third is courage. I define courage as pride. I am a man that must be grateful because I hate embarrass-

ment in the worst sense. A young bull like Giallo, with all his strength, cannot win. There is joy, a great thrill, me feeling with those young kids out there. You need skill and experience. Experience is something you have to learn. Doc said something: the definition of experience is a bunch of mistakes."

According to Kearns, Rinaldi gained experience Saturday. He is strong, but as Harry Wiley, Sugar Ray Robinson's trainer, says: "He didn't use his strength. He fought him too loose. Archie could hold his frame in and punch from positions advantageous to an old man." Giallo is also a fast runner, an implausibly wild puncher. "When he decided to apply rushing tactics, he'd miss like the proverbial windmill," says Archie. "His blows were very cooling"—and his nose glows like a blown ember when it is hit. As Randy Sandy, who sparred with Rinaldi, charmingly says: "Giallo has hidden talents, but he never reveals them." In brief, Archie husbanded his punches in the early rounds, applied himself to defense and he had fought himself into shape and then, almost casually, took charge, readily winning all of the subsequent rounds except for the fourth and sixth. He earned \$100,000 for his labor.

"This fight," he says, "was a product of the conservatism which I have gathered over the years. If my man would not meet me in this time of combat. He tried to outbox me and played right into my hands. I was boxing along normal, convention lines, and when Rinaldi got rough I knew that the Salt Mines [his San Diego ranch] and my famous diet, which shed my excess obesity would take him apart. We were exactly the same age going into the sixth round, then he got older. Am I right? I was under the impulse to take him out when he hurt his ankle in the 15th. Actually a blister developing on top of a callus caused Rinaldi to stumble and limp, but I did not want to take advantage of him. He's a visitor and I wanted him to feel welcome. Why spoil a youngster's record? If I had knocked him out within seven rounds it would have been all right, but I jammed my metacarpals in the fourth round, and my hands wouldn't permit me to punch as customary. And my hands are strong. It was a neighborhood trait of kids with nothing to do when I was growing up to walk on their hands. I could walk down five or six flights of stairs, around the block, anything daring and colorful, as I do now. But this fight was a prelude to things to come. Don't

think for a moment I did not have Harold Johnson [the National Boxing Association champion] in mind. In order for me to meet Harold, I need 15 rounds of work. I also needed to stop wagging tongues that I cannot go 15 rounds." (Incidentally, it had been widely publicized that Johnson received \$5,000 from Madison Square Garden to stand by in case Archie couldn't make the weight. This turned out to be a hoax. Harold didn't get a cent.)

Despite tidal boeing, especially when Rinaldi and Moore were locked like stags in clinches, Archie thought he made a satisfactory fight, "relative to an old man 40 and up. I came to town to

fight, to defend. I met him in the center of the ring. If this man is trying to take my title, how can he do it unless he's on top of me?" This is a sensible statement, but visually the match was only satisfactory for those who delight in the abiding spectacle of Archie undaring; as a contest it was a drag.

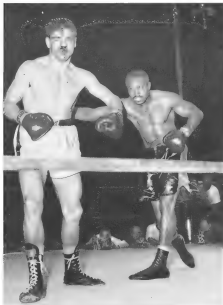
After the fight, Moore mounted a rubbing table in his dressing room like a chortleous speaker. "I wanted him to take a lesson home to Italy," Archie said. "They ring a bell in Anzio when he won. I was up in a big hotel in Rome, and I heard it peeling. (Anzio is 33 miles from Rome). Anzio is in a valley, and the sound traveled up the valley. I

sleep with the windows open, and it disturbed my slumber. I am sure all is quiet in Anzio now. Gentlemen, may I take a bath?"

In Rinaldi's dressing room Giulio lay heartbroken on his rubbing table as they pressed ice to his many cuts. "I never dreamed I'd lose," he said with great softness. His friends came and took his hand. "Coraggio," they said. "We lost," Giulio said. "I am sorry, for I have disappointed you." The doctor wanted to sew up the two cuts on his left eyelid and a smaller one on his right eyelid. Giulio didn't want him to, and they argued dispiritedly for a half hour. Finally Giulio limped to the bathroom and looked at himself for a long time in the mirror. Then, convinced, he lay down, and the doctor began to sew. His manager, Luigi Perletti, folded his hand over Giulio's crossed hands as Giulio moaned and gasped in pain and cried "Madda." When the doctor had put five stitches in the left eyelid and started on the right, Giulio suddenly flung himself upright as though he had started from a nightmare, and flailing his arm, leaped noddily about the room. "Ziva, amo," the doctor pleaded, but Giulio turned and turned, prowling about the table, glowering and snarling. "Fiducia," said the doctor soothingly. "Fiducia, Giulio." A man came in and said that Giulio's fiancée was waiting outside. Giulio brightened. "I have no fiancée," he said, "but I could use one tonight." And then he kissed his medal, slipped it over his head and dressed.

Sunday morning Archie Moore talked about the future. When would he quit? He said that in the Salt Mines there are two trails: Around The Horn, a level five-mile run, and Over The Hamp, a hilly 11-mile route. Archie said he ran the Horn 12 times and went over the Hamp five times before the Rinaldi fight. As long as he can do this, he says, he will continue to fight. "I don't betray my physical condition," he said. "When a fighter has any deficiencies he knows them himself. I've made an exhaustive study of myself. Know thyself. Which philosopher was that? Sometimes I don't adhere to it, but when the chips are down, I usually produce." And Archie Moore sat back, contentedly, the Horn and the Hamp remote. He was already changing from the inner Moore to the outer Moore. Visions of vanilla ice cream danced in his head, but his nostrils were still alert to the slightest trace of the scent of money.

END



IN A CURIOUS TABLEAU MOORE FURNISHES A Distant, BLOODY RINALDI





Good Scalp, No Hit

Three fine old American games—cowboys and Indians, baseball and crew agency—were joined recently in Durango, Mexico, where the movie *Geronimo* is being shot. Between shootings an improbable ball game took place. The cowboys were on one side, naturally, the Indians on the other. A southpaw Geronimo (actually Chuck Connors, once-time Dodger and Cub first baseman and later TV's *Riflemen*) threw tomahawk vidlers for the Indians. They won—perhaps because the umpire was intimidated by the knife tucked in the catcher's belt.

Photograph by Chuck Campbell

Navigation by Braille

Photographs by Leonard Komler

The drivers in this point-to-point sports car rally can't read the instructions, which are in braille. Their navigators are blind children, so expert that they can identify almost any foreign or domestic sports car by touch and in some cases even by exhaust note. Now an annual event, the New York State School for the Blind Sports Car Rally was originated three years ago by Dr. E. W. Rideout. A physician who loves sports cars, he wanted to give the kids more incentive to learn braille. Only the school's best



braille readers may ride in the rally, and as a result marks in braille classes have risen sharply. The Tonawanda Touring Club of Batavia, N.Y., supplies cars and Lions Clubs provide trophies. So each spring the youngsters gather, study the cars, and when the rally starts read out at their drivers' request such instructions as: "3) Go past the National Guard armory. 4) Right, toward a little red house. 5) The officer in town doesn't like sports cars or rallies."

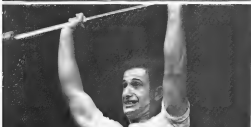
But, obviously, these youngsters do,



BOYS USE TOUCH TO STUDY CARS' APPOINTMENTS (LEFT) AND CONTOURS (ABOVE)



A PARTIALLY BLIND BOY LEADS HIS FRIEND DOWN THE LINE TO FIND THEIR CARS



Grim and Bear It

This grimacing group is a new crop of weight lifters in an area—high school athletics—that has grown precious few. Recently the sport has been blooming on Long Island, where the kids have discovered that hefting bar bells is fun (well, son of) and the resultant muscle lends prestige to strolls along the sands of Jones Beach. Here, ardently at play, are *they*—in hotshot Jack Warrtoll, Mineola; Neil Oranoff, Jamaica; Richard Decker, Sewanhaka; Stan Nowosinski, Port Jefferson.

Don't look



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Left: Members of the Jantzen International Sports Club "Hawaiian Village" Expedition in the Jantzen lineup of superb sportswear . . . Bob Covey, Ken Venturi, Frank Gifford, Warren Miller, Bud Palmer, Tom Kelley took all expedition photos, including this one. Jantzen Inc., Portland, E. Oregon



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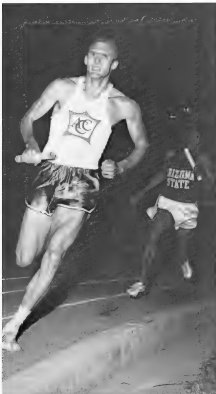
Known by the company it keeps



ANOTHER FAST CHRISTIAN FROM ABILENE

by ROY TERRELL

A long-striding Olympian named Earl Young is favored to win the NCAA 440-yard dash this weekend in Philadelphia, perhaps on his way to becoming one of the finest runners of all time



On June 21, 1947, in the National Collegiate Athletic Association championships at Salt Lake City, one of track and field's legendary figures ran a spectacular quarter-mile. Plooming around the University of Utah track like a lengthening shadow, Herb McKenley of Jamaica, by way of the University of Illinois, demolished the old NCAA 440-yard-dash record and equaled his own world mark. The time was 46.2 seconds.

Yet if Herb McKenley were somehow able to gallop down through the years and duplicate that performance in the 1961 NCAA meet this weekend at Philadelphia's Franklin Field, upon reaching the finish line he almost certainly would discover that someone else had arrived there first. Waiting to shake his hand would be a towering, 20-year-old Californian wearing a burr haircut, a gleaming smile and the purple and white uniform of a small west Texas school. This would be Earl Verdelle Young of Abilene Christian College. He is one of the U.S.'s crop of bright new stars, and he can run like the red, white and blue blazes. Some people feel quite strongly that he is going to become the greatest quarter-mile runner of all time.

Earl Young is huge, for a dash man, standing almost 6 feet 4 inches tall, with broad shoulders and long, beautifully muscled legs, which carry him over the ground at eight feet a stride. The 440 is a picture race, combining as it does in one violent, whirling lap the blistering speed of the shorter dashes and the first delicate nuances of pace. Many of the great quarter-milers were picture runners, too—Bill Carr was one, so were McKenley and Grover Klemmer—but Young is not one of these. He is smooth enough, but the main impression one receives while watching him run is of tremendous power. He looks as though he

Continued

UNLEASHING POWER. Young rips around turn at Compton in Texas 115 mile-relay mark.

could run right through a brick wall.

Times in the 440, as in other track events, are constantly being hammered down under the mass assault of better equipment, superior coaching methods and more scientific training techniques, all lavished upon an endless horde of bigger and stronger and faster kids. In the middle of April a high school senior from Andrews, Texas named Ted Nelson ran 440 yards in 46.5 seconds, setting a national scholastic record. A month later a high school senior from Compton, California named Uli Williams broke that record by running 46.1. Allowances must be made for high school tracks and stop watches (Young, for example, later beat Nelson by almost 10 yards in 46.3 at the Compton Invitational), but the performances of both Williams and Nelson indicate what is happening to the 440-yard dash.

Already Young has run 400 meters, the metric equivalent of the quarter mile, which is used throughout Europe and in the Olympic Games, in 45.7 seconds; on

the record-setting U.S. 1600-meter relay team at Rome, with the benefit of a running relay start, he ran 400 meters in 45.5. He has run 640 yards, which is 2½ yards farther than 400 meters, in 48.2, and he has done a 440-yard leg on a mile relay in 45.7. But most of those times were made last year, when he was only 19, and now Young is just getting into top shape for the big meets of 1961 which lie ahead: the National Collegiate championship this weekend, the National AAU at Randall's Island in New York on June 24-25 and, if he qualifies there by placing first or second, the series of dual meets in Moscow, Stuttgart, London and Warsaw during July.

Fast field at Philly

Ready to challenge Young this weekend at Philadelphia is a double handful of runners capable of pushing the Able-bodied Christian star down below 46 flat: Dave Mills of Purdue, Walt Johnson of North Carolina College, Olan Cassell of Houston, Kevin Hopin of Southern California, Adolph Plummer of New Mexico, Jim Heath of Colorado, Jim

Baker of Missouri, Dick Edwards of Princeton, Charles Strong of Oklahoma State. The 1960 NCAA champion, Colorado Fullback Ted Woods, is scholastically ineligible, the USC's wondrous sophomore, Rex Cawley, will doubtless choose to run the 440-yard hurdles, where he is far and away the class of the collegiate field. But with or without Woods and Cawley, Earl Young appears capable of running as fast as is necessary to win. Given a fast track (which he may not find at Franklin Field), a good day and the proper competition, Young could equal Glenn Davis' NCAA and world 440-yard record of 45.7.

"Before that boy is out of school," says George Eastment of Manhattan, one of the 1960 U.S. Olympic coaches, "he is going to run 400 meters in 44 seconds flat."

This, of course, is for the future. Young must first prove that he is America's premier quarter-mile, and as long as Otis Davis is around the issue will be in doubt. Davis, who won the 400-meter dash at Rome in the incredible world record time of 44.9, is aiming for the AAU meet and the European tour, too, and recently set an American record of 32.7 for the seldom-run 300-meter dash. But Davis has been teaching school in Oregon, with little time for serious training or tough competitive races. Now almost 29, he perhaps will compete only through this year. Young, on the other hand, is just getting started.

Last year he kept popping up where no unknown sophomore had any right to be. He won no major championships, but he finished fourth in the AAU, second in the U.S. Olympic trials at Palo Alto and, after three qualifying rounds against the toughest field of 400-meter men ever assembled, he gained the Olympic finals at Rome. There he finished sixth, but four of the five older, more experienced runners who beat him were clocked in the best individual times of their respective careers, and Earl's 45.9 equaled the old Olympic record. In appreciation, Governor Price Daniel made him an honorary citizen of the State of Texas, which is not to be confused with an Olympic gold medal but demonstrates what hard work can do for a Californian in a few short years.

When Young, the son of a radiator repair shop owner who once ran the quarter in 53 seconds, graduated from San Fernando High School in the spring of 1958, he was one of the most unthought-

—continued—



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EARL YOUNG *continued*

after athletes in southern California history. He could run the 100 in 10 seconds, the 220 in 21.6 and the 440, which he didn't particularly enjoy, in 49.6, a set of statistics that might knock their eyes out in Pocatello, Idaho or Bangor, Maine, but only led Californians to aware that the boys had spent all season running uphill. Only Occidental, of all the famous West Coast track schools, showed any interest, and Occidental wanted Earl to attend junior college first for a year.

So Earl went to Ablene Christian. It was simple. His grandmother picked up the telephone one day and called Oliver Jackson, the ACT coach. "The whole family talked it over," says Earl. "She just made the call. We belong to the Church of Christ and we knew about ACT. We also knew about the track program down there."

"The first time I saw Earl," says Jackson, "I wanted him. Everybody I talked to told me what a good boy he was, how he liked to run and how he worked at it. I figured he had great potential. Shoot, a big old boy like that, only 17 and still growing, who can do the 100 in 10 flat can't help but run a good quarter mile."

The first thing Earl did at Ablene was shoot himself in the leg. Out popping away at jack rabbits one day, he took aim on a skunk, changed his mind, and drew the .22-caliber automatic pistol back inside the window of the car. It went off, sending the little hollow-point bullet into the back of his heavily muscled right calf and out the front, missing the bone by a fraction of an inch and leaving an ugly, nickel-size hole which is now a shiny, nickel-size scar. He was running again within two weeks.

Under Jackson's intensive conditioning program, Earl began to live up to his potential right away. He lifted weights to fill in his chest and build up his arms, he ran cross-country to develop endurance, he practiced explosive stationary running to increase leg speed. He grew an inch in height and went up from 165 to 180 pounds. That year, as a freshman, he ran the 100 in 9.7, the 220 in 20.7 and the 440 in 48.5. Once he ran a 46.6 leg on a mile relay.

But it was at the beginning of Young's sophomore season that Oliver Jackson, who coached Bobby Morrow to three gold medals in the sprints at Melbourne, realized that he might have another of that very rare breed. Just past his 19th

continued

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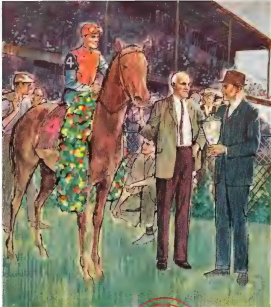


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birthday. Earl ran the 100 in 9.6, the 220, around a curve, in 20.9 and the 440 in 46.2. Then he went on to make the Olympic team and win a gold medal for his relay leg. He visited Bern and Athens (where he got so sick eating snails that he wished he could die), and he visited Turkey and Helsinki and Dublin and Glasgow. He returned to Abilene to find that he had been adopted by the State of Texas; later he was voted the Dean's Award as the student who had made the greatest contribution of the year to ACC. And then, instead of sitting back to admire his accomplishments, Earl Young really went to work. During 1964, he decided, he would do even better.

Brilliance and bugs

At first, it appeared that he would—in a breeze. In March he ran a 220-yard dash at the Border Olympics in 20.3. Since he was aided by a tailwind, the time was unofficial, but there have been famous sprinters who couldn't run 220 yards that fast when pushed along by a howling gale. "He's too big," says Jackson, "to get a real sprinter's start, so you can imagine how fast he must move to run 20.3. I don't see how he can miss 45.5 in the quarter before the year is out." Jackson, who looks like King Crosby, knows quite a bit about running, having produced not only Bobby Moore but some of the finest college relay teams of all time, so no one really questioned the casual way in which he had just awarded his prize pupil a new world record. But Oliver Jackson doesn't know much about bugs.

Das got into Young, causing a liver infection which left him feeling lethargic and completely worn out. The team physician, fearing the liver ailment would turn into hepatitis, took the boy off his rigorous training schedule. "So I tuned up," said Earl. "Maybe it was all in my head, but I was poised out all the time."

But the second week in April he had recovered enough to anchor three winning teams at the Texas Relays and earn the meet's outstanding-athlete award. With Cal Coolley, Dennis Richardson and Bud Clanton out ahead of him, he ran 20.2 to help ACC equal the world record of 1:22.6 for the 380 relay; following Richardson, Pat McKessons and Clanton, Young ran 45.7 as the ACC mile relay team took the collegiate record down by more than a full second to 3:07.3.

continued

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EARL YOUNG *continued*

"How do you feel?" someone asked. "Pooped," said Earl.

Three weeks later, his liver still not completely well, Young tried to overcome an eight-yard deficit against Villanova on the anchor leg of the 880-yard relay at the Penn Relays. He made up 7½ yards by running 20.1—and strained his left knee. Bursitis developed in the inflamed joint and Earl was out of competition for a month, his usual mercurial workout schedule reduced to pastoral jogs around the Abilene Christian football-stadium gram.

"I was about ready to write this year off," he says now. "I didn't see how I could get in condition for the big meets."

"If you think Earl was worried," said Jackson, "you should have seen me."

But Young tested the knee in the mile relay at Modesto on May 23 and ran an easy 46.7 lap. The next weekend, at the famed Compton Invitational, he received an answer to the other question which had been plaguing him: How would he react to tough competition in the 440-yard dash after spending most of an off-and-on season running only on relay teams? The answer was another medal. Coming around the final turn, Earl turned on the power to simply run away from a rather fancy field of quarter-milers and win by seven yards. The time, on a cool California night, was 46.3. The closest man to him was Mal Spence, one of the Jamaican Olympian twins from Arizona State. Keith Thomassen, the Santa Clara Youth Village runner who had previously done 45.1, best time in the world this season, finished fourth; and Ted Nelson, the schoolboy whiz, was fifth. Later Earl ran a 46 flat anchor at ACC, regained a share of the intercollegiate mile-relay record of 3:07.6 he had lost to the University of Southern California a few weeks before. And last weekend, in the Meet of Champions at Houston, Young broke Glenn Davis' meet record with a 46.7 on a slow rain-soaked track.

Earl Young is not only big and fast and determined, but he is something of a physical freak. He has the abnormally low pulse rate of a great distance runner. The average dash man is as high-strung as a Thoroughbred, his heart pounding even when the body is in repose at something above the normal 72 beats a minute. Young's pulse is usually about 52. Once ACC's red-haired Australian miler, John Lawler, was wander-

continued

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EARL YOUNG *Continued*

ling down the side of the team bus on the way to a meet, testing people's palpat. It is a hobby track men have, like politicians planting trees, and so one thinks much about it any more. But when Lawler reached Young, who was dozing in his seat, he came up with a count of 31. These other team members checked and arrived at the same figure. "They told me," says Earl with a grin, "that I was breathing only five times a minute. Somebody said, 'Man, you weren't asleep. You were hibernating.'"

The way to run 46.6

In any event, Young thinks this is one reason he is someday soon going to run 440 yards in 43.5 seconds. "A couple of times a week, in workouts," he says, "I run repeats 220s. First, I start at 24 flat. Then I walk 230, then run 23.5. Then walk 230, then run 23 flat. I keep going down until I'm running in the 21s. If I can do that—if I can recover that quickly to run again that fast—then in a quarter-mile race I should be able to run the first 220 in 22 flat and finish in 23 or a little above. That's all that it takes to run a 43-second quarter. And on the second 220, you already have your speed built up. You just have to hold it.

"My problem has always been in running that first 220 too slow. I really have to concentrate on coming out of the blocks fast and opening up right away. I don't want to run 21.5, like McKenley and George Rhoden and Lou Jones used to do. I think that's too fast; 22 is about right for me. Then I try to stride down the backstretch, not tasing up, not losing any speed, but trying to conserve as much energy as I can. Then, at about 300 yards, I try to lean into it a little and begin to dig. I don't shorten my stride and run harder. That isn't my style. But I try to reach out a little farther, try to go a little faster. At the 300-yard point in a 440-yard race, I don't believe anyone can really sprint. You don't have that much left. But you can make yourself go a little faster.

"Right now," says Young, "I don't think it's a question of finding the right track and the right day for me to do 43.5. It's simply a matter of getting into shape. Then I should be able to do it any time.

"I know that's awfully fast, and I don't want to sound cocky about it," he says with a serious little smile. "It's just a thing I know."

END

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ROUSING DAY FOR U.S. ROWING

This Saturday, as thousands watch, the best crews in the land congregate in the East to pull their hearts out in the nation's two biggest boat races

by HUSTON HORN

If football were rowing, practically all the top college teams in the nation (all but Harvard and Yale, that is) would gather together in one big stadium one afternoon in November, and in a single game would settle all their conference championships in one desperate dash down the field. Endlessly exclusive, Harvard and Yale would of course be doing the same thing somewhere else.

But rowing is not football; nor indeed is it in any way like any other college sport. So to rowing fans there seems nothing strange in the fact that each year at this time the entire essence of the intercollegiate rowing season is distilled in one June week when two races take place that are virtually unlike any rowed earlier in the season. Even the fans themselves undergo a change for the big races, which this year fall on the same day.

Weekend after weekend in the regular spring season, Harvard and Yale crews race other outfits in their respective rivers to the utter indifference of onlookers on the riverbanks. Yet this Saturday thousands of suddenly ardent partisans (opposite) will flock by train, bus, car and private yacht to the delta of the Thames River in New London to watch these Ivy aristocrats race each other in the nation's oldest (109 years) and toughest (four miles) rowing regatta.

At the same time, 300 miles to the northwest, comparable crowds will gather on and off the shores of Syracuse's Onondaga Lake to watch 13 other varsity crews settle their differences in a race tougher than any they have rowed all season—the three-mile Intercollegiate Rowing Association regatta. After a training period of shorter races, every crew enters the IRA with an unknown potential for the long, hard

course, but four in particular deserve special attention.

CORNELL. Defeated once this season (but only by unbeaten Navy and then only by inches in the 2,000-meter Eastern Sprint), Cornell's crew is a good-size organization (6 feet 4 inches is the average height, 192 pounds the average weight) of low-stroking, deeply fortified oarsmen. It is basically the same crew that won the Eastern Sprints last year and might have won the IRA if the sophomore stroke had not passed out cold 700 yards from the finish.

CALIFORNIA. This is the crew, with only a few changes, that did win the last IRA. After outrowing a good Washington crew in a 2½-mile race early this season, California lost by a point job to the same crew a few weeks later in a 2,000-meter sprint (39 yards short of 1½ miles). But this is the only mark against an outfit which, according to Coach Jim Lennon, is "a little bit heavier, and maybe a little bit better" than last year's.

WASHINGTON. Two things give California's rival an extra urge to win. One is a desire to restore crew's prestige in Seattle. Its pre-Gold-Cup-hydroplane days it used to attract crowds of 50,000 and up; today if 15,000 attend an important regatta half have come for a

picnic and sunbathe. The other is the very personal desire of oarsmen to recoup their status as athletic celebrities—a status lately lost to the football crowd, whose team has triumphed in the Rose Bowl game two years running. Pulling for crew this year is a vanity boatload that one expert appraised recently as "potentially one of the most powerful ever to row for Washington."

NAVY. Some observers compare this crew with Navy's almost supernatural 1952 Olympic crew. Of the eight men in this year's boat, four are sophomores who last year traded Navy's plebe boat the best in Annapolis history—a crew so good it finished fourth in the summer's Olympic trials. Three others are left from the varsity that won the trials.

What makes this formidable combination doubly satisfying to Navy buffs is the fact that it sprang from a crisis that came within an ace of capsizing Navy's entire rowing program. Navy's rowing troubles began two years ago when the late, great Rusty Callow retired after nine years as crew coach at the Academy. Along with everyone else, Callow expected his successor to be Paul Quinn, the very excellent plebe coach who was Callow's protégé. But Captain Slide Cutter, Navy's athletic director,

continued

'THE MARINE SPECTACLE OF THE AGE'

Photographs by Tom Iversen

Baseball and football were almost unknown and basketball was not even invented when the first Harvard-Yale boat race took place in 1852. But though these sports later captured a wider acceptance, they have not even to this day been able to match the special quality of what has always been called The Boat Race. As the following pages of color photographs of last year's race show, the meeting of Harvard and Yale on the Thames River still serves to generate what one early newspaper ad described as "the marine spectacle of the age."



THE VARSITY RACE—four miles of torment for the rowers, 20 minutes of taut suspense for the watchers—was won last summer by a crack Harvard crew against a blazing backdrop of late afternoon







A SEAT IN AN INNER TUBE provided a closeup view for Harvard law student Harry Fitzgibbons, who—with beer and cigars as fuel—claimed that he could move along “as fast as Yale’s crew”



A SOFT-SPOKEN FAULTFINDER, COACH PAUL QUINN CHECKS WITH AN AIDE AS NAVY'S CREWS WORK OUT ON THE SEVERN

U.S. ROWING continued

had other plans. Anti-Callow (because of civilian Rusty's ho-hum attitude toward military starchiness) and anti-Quinn (because—dark deed—after graduating fourth in his class, Quinn later resigned his commission), old Navy man Cutter hired an outsider to be head coach. Quinn was left with the pibbles.

Cutter's choice for the big job was controversial, high-strung Lou Lindsey, a California schoolteacher who had coxed and, in the 1950s, coached crew at Stanford. Highly regarded by many for his command of oarful crew theory, Lindsey "was never," says a man who likes him, "very successful as a leader who could extract hard work and allegiance from young men." This shortcoming, coupled with a natural resentment from partisans of the bypassed Quinn, worked against him. When the call for crew went out early last fall, only a few of the 1990 pibbles, turned sophomores, trickled in.

Moving fast to stem the potential mutiny, Captain Ashbury Coward, who had succeeded Cutter as athletic director, kicked Lindsey upstairs to a make-work project of "studying the prospects of U.S. rowing in future Olympic Games" and

appointed Paul Quinn head coach of the crew. Says Lindsey today, with only a suggestion of bitterness, "I was naive, I suppose, to let myself get involved in such a situation. Coming from the West Coast, I just didn't know what had been going on at Annapolis." Says Quinn: "I'm sorry it had to happen to either of us. I was naturally hurt when I was passed over, and Lou was hurt just as bad later on."

Unlike feverish, intense Lou Lindsey, Paul Quinn is a hulking figure of a man with massive hands, an expansive smile, a relaxed, almost delicate manner with oarsmen. Prompting, coaxing and encouraging his boys by a megaphone, he speaks in a voice so confidential that a man at his elbow cannot hear what he says. But beneath his tact and diplomacy Quinn is a relentless faultfinder and nit-picker—as a coach must be to succeed in a sport where even a tiny flaw in one man's style or timing can disrupt the perfection of an entire boatload. Split seconds can and do lose boat races, as Navy itself proved when, pulling in near harmony, it beat Cornell in the Eastern Sprints by four-tenths of a second, hardly more time than it takes to bot an eye.

Quinn seems to be fuming at

his charges like a spinster aunt. "Not quite so much layback," he will mutter privately to his No. 4 man. The correction is a matter of inches. Another does not thrust his sweep into the water with enough precision and is quietly chided. A third is rushing forward on his sliding seat. Gradually, as each tiny imperfection is polished away, the crew approaches its ultimate, machine-like objective: to make the shell cover the greatest amount of water in the shortest time.

This Saturday, while the slim shells glide in seeming effortlessness through the waters of Onondaga Lake and the Thames, Paul Quinn, like the rest of the cheering thousands on the shores and in the moored boats, will become for 15 anguished minutes no more than another spectator. For once a crew race has begun, no coach can do more than hope he has done his work well. While the race is on, his fate rests in the blistered hands and aching muscles of eight oarsmen and a cox who use no more machine-like or perfect than any other human beings.

For one veteran oarsman's analysis of why he chose rowing as a sport, see following pages

FLAME ON THE RIVER

by OLIVER LA FARGE

The distinguished author of "Laughing Boy," Pulitzer Prize novel of 1930, famed for his work with American Indians and for his struggle with the Federal Government in their behalf, left his adopted New Mexico this spring to return to his native East. He was on a curious errand.

Forty years ago he was a member of the Harvard lightweight crew. Now he was, in effect, revisiting the world of rowing, remembering what it was like then, comparing yesterday with today. What follows is his unique appreciation of a vigorous, demanding but often misunderstood sport.

The point of the incident with which I begin is that the joke was not really funny. There were 34 Harvard men on a bus last month, en route to Philadelphia to row against Pennsylvania and Princeton. They were the freshmen, junior varsity and varsity lightweight crews, several substitutes, a manager, the coach and one elderly observer who had some acceptance because 40 years earlier he had rowed on Harvard's first lightweight crew.

The manager asked how many men wanted fish for lunch, since today was Friday. Several men raised their hands. Then another said, "We're traveling, and when we're traveling you Catholics can eat meat."

Someone else called out, "Candidate for the next Pope."

Laughter swept through the bus, sudden, loud, brief. The exaggerated response betrayed the tension in everyone there, a tension that had been building up all week and would continue to build up until, the following afternoon, each crew in turn released it all in the disciplined violence of an eight-oared race.

Not long before, an acquaintance, expressing surprise that a thorough individualist and a fiction writer should once have rowed on crews and loved it, had said, "I would think that rowing men would be the placid, bovine type." A part of the answer was in that crash of laughter.

When I was a young man it never occurred to me to ask myself or any of my fellow oarsmen why I or they rowed. It

was perfectly clear to me and, like most who race in the eight-oared shells, I early learned that it was as useless to talk to outsiders about rowing as about anthropology, the career study that I found vastly exciting.

Compared to the number that engage in other major sports, in school or in college, only a handful row. The watcher on the bank sees what looks to him like eight automata rowing with their backs to their goal, energetically docile to the commands of the coach or of the little guy in the stern who steers the boat and makes such a lot of noise. What he sees leaves a false impression, which in turn leads to the false catch phrases the oarsmen so often hear and know not how to answer.

There is that old remark about strong



backs and weak minds, which has been applied to so many activities. There is the concept of a bunch of oars contained in my friend's remark. You will hear a statement or often a question, asked with something like uselessness, about the obliteration of the eight men's individualities. Teamwork we know, in many sports, in work, in warlike, but this reduction of men to machines, is this not unnatural?

Then, in this day when it is the thing to-mouth psychology, you will hear it said that crew men, obviously, are masochists, with which word the speaker feels triumphantly that he has tickled and disposed of a troublesome phenomenon. This particular statement, of course, is made by starchy pseudo-intellectuals about anything that entails a degree of effort or of discomfort that they would not care to endure, from playing football to taking a cold shower. It is a defense against the memory, however vague, that the far-from-unintellectual Greeks considered the ability to use one's trained body to the limit of its capabilities as an essential element, along with two other unlike elements, wisdom and knowledge, in the making of a complete man. It is also absurd.

Instant memory

It was my memory that in rowing there was a satisfaction that, at its most intense, became a passion, that when the boat was going well and the crew was

tarring on the power, most especially in a well-rowed race, there was a flame on the river. Now, after so many years, I went back to Cambridge to test my memory, visiting the lightweight crews, watching their practice, watching them race. For an old oarsman long settled in the arid land of New Mexico it was a strange, instructive experience. I brought back fresh to heart and mind the nature of rowing, which is what I want to tell about here.

The matter of lightweight crews needs some explaining. They were started in 1916 at Navy and Penn, with the average weight per man limited to 150 pounds and with no one man in the boat weighing more than 155. The intention was to give men who were too small for the regular varsity squad a chance at some good competitive rowing. In 1921 Harvard and Yale joined the experiment. Since then, the limit has been raised to an average of 155 pounds and an individual maximum of 165, but the numerals "150" still figure on blazers, cups and plaques. The weight restriction means that competing crews are likely to be evenly matched physically, so that form and skill and good coaching are especially important.

In my first two years at Harvard we used old equipment, we had no status, we could earn no insignia, we had almost no recognition. We were not then undergoing the fatigues and disciplines of rowing for the sake of that mystic thing,

a letter, although we were firmly determined to prove that we merited real varsity standing. That battle has long been won. The Harvard lightweight crew I had come to study put its hands to a beautiful shell that had on its bow the name of a man I had known and loved, as fine a shell as you could ask, but the ritual of carrying it to the river was the same and the oar was the same kind of sharp-voiced small man. Very shortly I learned one thing, which was that the only thing that had really changed was myself. Before I was born, men carried shells to the Charles River and rowed in them; I expect they will be doing so after I have died, and their jokes will be much the same as they were a century ago.

Here is a virtually immortal organism, made up of many molecules, each with its own peculiar complexity. Once the molecule that was I moved from school to college, entered that organism and was part of it for four years. During all that time I was changing, and have been changing ever since, but the organism, with its quality of youth, strength and scholarship, with the multiple tensions of competition—for a place in the first boat and in the race—and of such things as honors examinations, is ever renewed and the power let loose on the river goes on unchanged.

They shoved off. By kind invitation of the coach, "Casey" Chase, a recent graduate and lightweight oar, I got into the bow of the launch. He gave them,

continued



"Three to move, then 10 at 28," meaning three sharp strokes to get the boat running, then 10 at the rate of 28 to the minute—a good, lively practice pace. The coxswain barked his orders and, as stroke's ear touched the water at the catch, struck the wooden handles at the end of his tiller lines against the light boards attached to the gunwales on either side for just that purpose.

Part of a cox's business is noise. He may be blue with cold and soaking wet, but he makes noise. A small megaphone, attached to his head, seems part of his face; the metal rim against his upper lip can be a trumpet in cold weather. He gives the orders. When the coach is not on hand, to some extent he coaches. In a race his voice knows no rest.

The skin of a shell is made of much the same stuff as a bass cello. Cox marks the time by striking his handles on the boards I have mentioned. The whole boat gives resonance to this percussion. Ideally, all eight blades enter the water at the same moment, and the full force of legs, backs and arms is applied to the oars so that they make a sound in the locks which is carried through the metal outriggers to the same hollow vessel. The result is a sharp beat with rich overtones that strikes near your heart.

The crew took its three strokes, the boat was in motion, then the crew settled to the 10. The leap and run of the shell, the sound, the sight of the bodies and the oars moving together seemed wonderful to me. It was indeed a long time since I had seen rowing; the coach was not happy. Presently I began to see the little variations, and particularly that the boat was breaking apart in the middle. That is, No. 4 was not quite with the others. He was almost in time; for me, it was difficult to see that he was not; but there was enough difference, partly in a simple lack of unity with the rest that could not be measured, so that he and the three men behind him seemed to be rowing separately from the stern four. As a result, naturally, the boat was not going well. This was not a question of a poor oarsman; he was simply in the wrong group. Two days later, after trying several changes, the coach found his combination with two men moved up from the jayvees, one in the No. 4 spot.

By then my eye was better, and my memory had come alive. I was awake

once more to the roles of each of the eight men. I myself rowed three more than any other position, but I had had experience in all except, I think, bow, and now the special qualities of each came back to me.

The positions are numbered from the bow aft, but thinking of a crew one starts at the other end, with the stroke. I have never encountered a satisfactory definition of a good stroke. He must have rhythm and a sense of time, yes. He must make his catch, the entry of his blade in the water, emphatically and well, yes. But there is more. He must have something, a quality, in his rowing that carries to the whole crew. I do not know what this is: it is seldom apparent in any difference of personality. A man has it or he hasn't. For the sake of it, one tolerates faults. This year's Harvard lightweight varsity stroke is a veteran of many victories, yet on each catch his head swivels to the right to watch his oar going in. Eyes in the boat is the rule. Worse, he washes out at the finish, his blade coming part way out of the water near the end of his stroke, making a pretty, green swirl and losing power. Nonetheless, he has something to give his crew that no one else can.

Not all men can row seven, either. Seven is a transmitter: he picks it up from stroke and sends it along, and he affects especially the other sub-bow oars. Personally, I liked rowing seven better than any other place in the boat, but I didn't have what it took, any more than I qualified for stroke, although in the end I was considered a veteran waterman with more than five years of rowing back of me.

In the middle

Then comes the waist of the boat, six, five, four and three. This is the powerhouse. If any individualities were obliterated, it would be among these four men, whose functions seem identical but in fact are subtly different. In fact there is no obliteration of individuality. I did not suddenly cease to be a conformist when I received my degree; what enabled me to become one with the rest is something quite different. It is a unity, a sort of communion, that transcends the physical.

It is pertinent to note here that the man who had put the variety out of tempo fixed smoothly in the jayvees. In another year, if he moves up with a

number of those to replace this year's seniors, he may fit equally well into the first boat. The experiment has been made of having a crew that was well bled row with its eyes shut, and it has gone this way for several strokes before the time began to get ragged. The making of a good crew contains many intangibles.

Forward of the waist are two and bow. These men exercise a leverage that can throw the boat off, either in direction or by causing it to roll. They need to be skilful, exact in catch and finish, and at the same time make their contribution to driving the boat. Often they are lighter, quicker men than the rest. I remember when, for a time, I was



moved up from the waist to No. 2. I was rather annoyed, until the coach took me aside and told me that he wanted me there because I was "a neat oar." Later I was returned to No. 3.

As we got acquainted, I talked with members of the squad. If anything, Harvard men are a bit more intellectual now than they were in my time, in keeping with the college's higher standard for admission. I asked one and another the question I had never asked when I was rowing. Typical was my exchange with Richards, the varsity captain, who held my old position.

In the course of general talk I said,

"Apart from physical development and that it helps develop some sterling traits of character, what do you think are the rewards of rowing?"

Surprised, he stammered slightly, "Well—sterling character, yes." Then he came to, "But I like it!"

From that we went on, and it was clear that he knew keen satisfaction when the boat was running well in a good race and the feeling of power, under control yet used to the utmost. Others expressed the same thing in various ways.

This man, having after careful thought decided not to follow his father's career, was majoring in English and a candidate for honors. Next year he will go to Oxford to study philosophy of government and politics, as further preparation for a career of service. He believes strongly in a liberal arts education and is disturbed by the extent to which the very long preparation required for so many professions forces undergraduates to concentrate on vocational studies.

Another roomed this year with a Nigerian. Partly as a result of this contact, he and a friend dreamed up a notable project. They hunted up the Africans at Harvard, of whom there are about 50, and are obtaining from them gifts, messages or letters for their families in Africa. They will spend the summer touring Africa and visiting the families.

Casey is going to follow this year's interlude of coaching by going to the Harvard School of Design to become an architect. He has interesting views on architecture and city planning. All of those whom I got to know at all were genuine students and capable of thoughtful conversation. Such are the "strong backs and weak minds" that make up crews accustomed to winning.

But being accustomed to winning does not mean that victory is sure. A fortnight earlier, Navy had taken the Harvard lightweight, and Penn and Princeton were formidable foes. The tension built up in the boat, hidden under humor. Saturday afternoon on the Schuylkill was gray, with a penetrating wind and drizzle. In his goodness, Casey arranged for me to ride in the officials' launch, serving as a timekeeper. There were other races besides our three, so that we ran back and forth over the course, getting wetter and colder.

Casey asked me, "Do you feel tense?" I did. For a week I had been identifying

with our crews, I had been revisiting what I had once been, and it had hit me hard. I had gained some acceptance, and I greatly wanted the end of my row to have an upbeat, not so much for myself as for the young man and how they would remember me. But what I might feel, I knew, could not be of the same order as what they and their young coach were feeling. I evaded his question.

The Harvard freshmen won. The jays won, too, by some 15 seconds if my memory serves (my hands were too cold for taking notes). The varsities lined up. By then it was really raining.

There is delay in getting set for a start. One crew is always slow in getting into position, by which time the others have drifted out of alignment or are headed wrong. The coxswains' raised hands show that they are not ready. It seems forever, if you are watching, if you are ready at one of the oars, before all hands are down and the referee sings out, "Are you ready? Ready all? Row!"

They are committed then, and there is nothing you in the launch can do but pray, murmur and curse, if indicated. The coxswains beat on their minding boards, their voices call the time. A half stroke, a three-quarter stroke, a full stroke, then 10 at 40 to the minute, counted out, with an imprecation or two between one catch and another. Forty to the minute, and they do it well, all together; the boat is turning and Harvard noses ahead. The beat drops, coxswain's voice for a moment is almost calm, the stroke lengthens and becomes smoother.

A busy man is he

In a race, cox is a busy man. It is he who can look about, see just what the other crews are doing, know when his boat must respond to a spurt or judge that it should make one of its own, see how his own crew is doing and estimate its resources. He marks the time with handles and voice, advises, urges, exhorta. Also he steers the boat, and not for a moment may he forget it. He and stroke between them conduct an orchestra. The crew is rowing a steady, swinging beat just above 30, a competitor makes its beat and gains, the crew must respond. There are races within races, speed gained by a faster stroke or simply by pouring on more power to a count of 10. Where that more power comes from I do not know, but it comes.

With good, fast crews rowing the Hen-

ley distance, there are about six minutes between the time when you have steadied down after the start and when you enter the clubhouse either near the finish. For the oarsmen, these six minutes last a long time. In them he gets his second wind, feels his full strength and just about uses up both. He has "given her 10" hard ones and another 10, raised the boat, perhaps dropped off again and raised again. If you could pluck a man magically out of the boat just after the end of those six minutes, when there is a little over 40 seconds left to go, you would find that he is through. But he is not through. That is why "glacid, bovine types" don't make good oarsmen. You have to have in you a fire, a fury, on which you draw when you have given all you have.

The finish is in sight. Princeton cox rips on his gamvales, not the single knock that marks the catch but the crepitation that warns his crew that the stroke is going up. Harvard follows suit, and then Penn. First there are the hollow, thrilling sounds of wood on wood and the hoarse urgent voices coming through the little megaphones, then the sight of the greater speed of the oars and the moving bodies. Harvard holds well together. Thirty-four to the minute now and Princeton always just a yard or so behind, in less than two seconds the eight men put on their power at the catch, knees bent, bodies swung forward, arms outstretched, drive with arms, bodies, legs, till the sliding seats are all the way forward, their knees are locked and their hands touch their bodies, bring the 12-foot sweeps smartly out of the water, feather and swing aft for another stroke. And again and again, and the men do not become ragged; Princeton, in beautiful form, is just not able to gain, with Penn a little farther back. The men on the bank with the white flag stands ready, I am in the launch, frozen to the bone and not caring, for my heart is up ahead in No. 3 position with the man who has succeeded me, and nothing else counts. There are 10 strokes and another 10, the coxswain's voices frantic, the beat raised yet a little higher, and the flag drops, and Harvard has it by a margin of four seconds.

Casey halfway relaxes. The men sit, their hands resting on their oars, breathing harshly. I have seen it, and I know now that my memory was right. There is a flame on the river. **END**

FAMILY CAMPGROUND ON WHEELS

Streamlined automotive camping vehicles are making life outdoors as comfortable as staying at home and more fun for everyone

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

More than 50 million Americans will vacation outdoors this season, and many of them, like the family on the opposite page, will enjoy one of the fastest-growing sports in the nation—camping by caravan. The gaily striped awning belongs not to a tent but to a Volkswagen bus, factory-converted (*below*) to combine the conveniences of indoor living with the fun of outdoor camping. For almost five years VW Campers have been familiar sights on European highways, where caravanning is an established pastime, but in this country they are new.

The first ones were brought to the U.S. by returning tourists, and almost overnight VW dealers were swamped with orders. Last year the factory at Westphalia turned out 2,070 Campers. More than 1,000 will be sold in the U.S. this year, and now Ford and Chevrolet are in the market with models of their own. Part of the appeal of the VW

and other self-contained campers is economy (a family of four can vacation for one-fourth of normal traveling costs by carrying their living quarters with them), but the real attraction of such vehicles is the freedom they offer. Food, baggage, bedding and sporting supplies stow inside and do not have to be packed and unpacked at every stop; spacious interiors permit children room to move about and reduce the monotony of hours on the road; and any place reachable by car automatically becomes a campsite.

Even more elaborate accommodations than the VW offers are available in pickup-truck conversions, popularly known as "turtlebacks." Custom-made by several dozen U.S. manufacturers, they are bolted or welded to pickup truck bodies and provide many of the luxuries of wayside motels. Two of the best, the Alaskan and the Sport King, are shown on page 49.

For once-a-year camping, the least expensive self-contained caravans are U-Haul-type trailers that hitch to the rear of the car, stow in minimum space and open to full-size tents. All three types of caravan—bus, turtleback and trailer—are giving a new and comfortable impetus to family camping trips and attracting an increasing number of Americans to vacation opportunities outdoors.

FANCY FITTINGS ON AN OLD FAVORITE



The interior of the VW Camper (*left*) combines fine workmanship with functional design. The living quarters are attractive, roomy and efficient. Factory-installed equipment includes built-in storage and bedding closets, full-length wardrobe, ice cooler, stove, 25-gallon water tank, miniature shower, chemical toilet, formica tables and work counter, dining canopy (*opposite page*), zippered dressing room tent, safety doors, heater, defroster, interior lights, bumper overriders. Couches convert to a double bed and the front seat to two single bunks. Standard equipment includes wall-to-wall carpeting, matching draperies, luggage rack and a bar stocked with thermal glasses. Price complete: \$2,953.85.

CONTINUED



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NEWEST TURTLEBACKS ARE MOBILE MOTELS



Illustration by Don Fuld

The turtlebacks, currently enjoying the biggest boom in their more-than-30-year history, are land versions of streamlined cabin cruisers. A turtleback is a self-contained unit which can be attached permanently or temporarily to the bed of most pickup trucks. There are several basic designs, but interiors are generally custom-finished to the buyer's specifications. A leader in the modernized field, the Alaskan, made by R. D. Hall Manufacturing, Sun Valley, Calif., is shown above installed on a 3/4-ton Chevrolet Apache. The unique feature of this 10-foot aluminum conversion is a hydraulically operated roof that can be lowered (from 6 feet

4 inches to 4 feet 9 inches) to reduce sway when driving. The Alaskan (see diagram above) sleeps three on 4-inch foam rubber beds (1), has a 32-gallon water tank (with connections for municipal water supply) and sink (2), three-burner butane stove (3), Marlite folding table (4), 75-pound axbox (5) and areas for bedding (6) and storage (7). It is fiber-glass-insulated to maintain comfortable living temperatures in winter and summer and has both screened windows and a 24-inch-by-36-inch picture window. Additional ventilation is provided by a crank-operated roof window. The price of the Alaskan installed is \$1,325, plus \$2,300 for the truck.



CHIEF FEATURE IS COMFORT



The most elaborately equipped pickup truck conversion is the Sport King (King Trailer, Torrance, Calif.), shown here installed on a 3/4-ton Ford. An extension of the living unit over the truck cab becomes a separate double bedroom (1) on diagram), with picture window and a partition for privacy. In addition, there are convertible beds (2) in the dining area (3), plus two roll-away cots which may be set up in the center aisle. Unlike many turtlebacks, the Sport King has hot and cold running water from a 35-gallon water tank (4), a fully enclosed shower (5), a flush toilet (6) with its own septic tank, and an interior heater (7). Exterior elec-

tric and water connections are standard equipment. The kitchen has a built-in three-burner butane stove (8), an oven with Robertshaw automatic controls, a range hood and a forced-air ventilating fan. There are an electric or butane refrigerator (9) with freezer compartment, and a sink (10) with electrically pumped faucet. Matching inlaid linoleum and Formica table and work areas are keyed to birch or ash paneling. Two full-length wardrobes (11), bedding bins and a wall of kitchen cabinets provide storage. Large screened windows and roof ventilator are standard. The Sport King is \$1,247 installed, plus \$2,350 for the pickup.

CONTINUED

TRAILERS CONVERT TO CAMP TENTS



Small tent trailers are the most compact and useful—as well as economical—vehicles for infrequent camping trips. They are towed behind the family car and can be converted in minutes to full-size tents. When not in use, they can be stored in the garage. The two basic types of tent trailers are quite similar when in driving position, but they differ considerably in interior facilities when their tents are erected. A less expensive type, such as the Apache Chief (above), made by Varsity Manufacturing, Lapeer, Mich., has sleeping and living accommodations on ground level. On the road, the Chief measures 7 feet by 4 feet, packs only 42 inches. Its

aluminum body has a vinyl-coated traveling cover, directional signals and taillights. It has 42 cubic feet of storage space in four lockable compartments and is furnished with its own hitch. At the campsite, the Apache's 13-couze Army duck tent encloses a 7-foot-by-11½-foot living area that includes sleeping accommodations on permanently made up Polyfoam mattresses. The tent has a sewed-in floor, windows with zipped closures and screens, and a canopy that provides 52 square feet of floor space. Fitted with a boat rack (\$29.40 extra), the Apache Chief holds all camping gear required by a family of four, sells complete for \$513.

ECONOMY AND CONVENIENCE



Higher-priced and more elaborate tent trailers such as the Nimrod Four Star (above), made by Ward Manufacturing, Cincinnati, have off-the-ground sleeping and living space. The Four Star is all-steel construction with baked-enamel finish and leaf springs, taillights, turn signals and 60 cubic feet of storage space when traveling. In driving position, it measures 5 feet by 8 feet, is 45 inches high. Opened, it is 11 feet by 8 feet, with 6 feet 2 inches of interior headroom. It has a self-supporting canvas canopy that extends 3 feet beyond the living area, zippered storm flaps with screening and a pull-out kitchen fitted with ice chest and sink. The Four

Star sleeps four on two 3/4-size bunks (mattresses are extra at \$19.95 each) and can accommodate an additional person in its 26-inch-wide center aisle. A 5-foot-by-8-foot screened extension providing an extra 79 square feet of living area can be installed for \$119.90 and folds into the unit when closed. Tent and extension are made of 10-ounce Army duck, and leveling jacks permit pitching on uneven ground. A boat carrier can be installed for \$69.90. The Nimrod Four Star (not including optional equipment and trailer hitch) sells for \$849; a less expensive version, the Three Star (which does not have kitchen or canopy), sells for \$685.

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PAPER



Au revoir to Bill Veeck

The most imaginative of today's baseball executives leaves for a long rest to recover from a debilitating ailment doctors cannot identify. Everyone who follows the sport hopes he will be back

Bill Veeck sat in his seventh-floor apartment in Chicago's Shoreland Hotel last week and lit a cigarette. The doctors had ordered him to give up smoking on June 4 and he has only one an hour now. ("I was a five-pack-a-day man," he said.)

On the couch, a book lay half open. A pair of black-rimmed spectacles kept the pages flat. "It looks," said Veeck, "like Mr. Steinbeck is out of his slump." He picked up John Steinbeck's new novel, *The Winter of Discontent*, and flicked idly through the pages. "At least," he went on, "if the second half is as good as the first half."

Near by was an atlas of the U.S. "If you had your choice of any place in the country to go to and relax for six or seven months, where would you go?" asked Veeck. Almost anybody, he was told, would go to the Veeck ranch in New Mexico. "The doctors' eyes lit up when they heard about the ranch," said Veeck's wife, Mary Frances. "But it's so far away from everything in Silver City. The nearest airport is 90 miles away and there's one plane a day."

"If you had to get in or out of there fast, well—you just couldn't do it unless you happened to catch that plane," said Veeck.

Speed is one possible factor in treating the ailment that afflicts Bill Veeck. He knows the symptoms; he doesn't know the cause. On April 20, as he hobbled through the offices of Comiskey Park at the White Sox home opener, he stopped to chat with a bystander and was seized with a racking cough. "I've had this cough now for a long time," he said. "I can't seem to get rid of it." He

hobbled away, looking tired and worn. The comment was significant for two reasons. First, Veeck is a stoic; he does not complain about physical pain. Second, Veeck secretly feared at the time that he had lung cancer.

He does not. He had pneumonia, probably for three or four weeks, before the opener. He was walking around with a temperature of 102° sometimes higher. Not until April 22 did he give in and go to the Mayo Clinic "for a couple of days." The couple of days stretched into a couple of weeks. Veeck didn't return to the Shoreland until May 6. He has left it only once since then, for one hour, to go to a meeting of the board of directors of the White Sox in Comiskey Park.

The runners up

Around him has swirled up a storm of murky rumors. He was, they said, the victim of everything from bone cancer (because of his oft-amputated leg) to a vascular disease. It was assumed that his illness is, in the genteel phrase of medical reports, "terminal." (There were, of course, exceptions—those souls who, like the friendly neighborhood ghoul, cherished the notion that Veeck was faking or exaggerating his illness in order to have a good excuse for selling his White Sox stock at a big profit.) It is clear that the ailment was considered critical at one point while he was at Mayo. Mary Frances, who had remained in Chicago to mind the four Veeck children, was summoned to his bedside as the nearest of kin. ("It's funny, I'd never thought of myself as the nearest of kin before," she says.) The crash and the

pneumonia passed but Veeck was still sick. The doctors, who don't know what specifically is wrong with him, have continued to eliminate the things that are not wrong with him.

One factor they have eliminated is the possibility that his ill health is somehow connected with his amputated right leg. Veeck has been on crutches since the last amputation a year ago. He fell while visiting in New York last September and damaged the stump. Thereafter, it was too tender to fit into an artificial leg, but since his return from the Mayo Clinic, Veeck has worked into a peg leg that puts pressure on his buttock rather than the stump. It is not as elaborate as the hydraulic artificial leg he once had that would bend at a subtle flick of a switch, but it does allow him to move about easily without going through the detailed learning process of an amputee who has lost a knee.

Veeck's known symptoms are general. He becomes very fatigued, much beyond the point expected in a middle-aged man (Veeck is 47), even one who works 20 hours a day. He is also losing weight. In the last month, just sitting around the apartment, he has lost 16 pounds. It was suggested that some of this might be due to the abandonment of his almost heroic consumption of beer. ("No, not 20 bottles a day," he says wryly, "more like 15.") He now drinks fruit juice instead. There are several possibilities that remain to be explored. One of them: there may be a general debilitating infection running through his system, one that cannot be conquered until it is identified. Veeck is returning to the Mayo Clinic this week for another series

continued

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of tests aimed at finding such an infection—if it exists.

In the meantime, Veck insisted at the comfortable cloister he has made up of a string of hotel rooms shaped into a single apartment overlooking the lake front. ("Five bathrooms!" says Mary Frances. "The kids are going to get the wrong set of values living here.") Even here, however, the constant telephone conversations are fatiguing. "Particularly when you have to be careful what you say," says Veck. Two weeks ago, from May 29 through June 5, he had to be particularly careful about what he said. He had secretly agreed to sell his share of the White Sox.

The deal with Coleman

It was the second time this year he had done this. Last winter he and Hank Greenberg and a stock broker named Arthur Allyn Jr., associated in the Chicago Baseball Club Corporation (which owned 34% of White Sox stock), were very close to concluding a deal with Del Coleman, president of the Seaburg Corp., a manufacturer of juke boxes. Veck himself maintained an official ignorance about the matter so he could truthfully tell newspapers that nobody had come to him with an offer. But the deal had progressed through Allyn to the point where papers were being drawn up for the transfer of the stock (for \$4.8 million).

To Coleman, a short, energetic man, it looked like a good deal. The assets of the White Sox were listed at \$4 million. This included \$1.5 million in cash, another million in negotiable securities, and several properties that appeared to be considerably undervalued. The franchise, for example, was carried on the books at a value of \$1, and the land on which Comiskey Park is built was listed at \$100,000. Moreover, the White Sox had grossed \$4.6 million in the fiscal year which ended October 31, 1960. \$1.5 million of it from concessions at the ballpark. (By way of comparison, the Milwaukee Braves, second in the National League last year, grossed \$5.2 million.) Chicago's net profit had been about a million dollars. Before the current season began, the White Sox advance sale had been the largest in the club's history, totaling about \$1,725,000. ("I kept thinking," said a man who later tried to buy the Sox, "that this was a losing team for the previous 75 years.")

Before the deal was signed, the Veck group got the feeling that Coleman was acting as a front for Charles Comiskey, who still held the other 40% of the stock in the White Sox. Comiskey had once stubbornly refused to help the Veck group reorganize the Sox, thus blocking both sides from making huge savings, estimated at more than a million dollars, in taxes. Privately, Veck had decided never to sell his stock back to Comiskey. He demanded a penalty clause in the contract which would have made it unprofitable for Coleman to conclude the deal, so—very close to completion—it fell through.

The winter dragged on in Chicago. Veck was becoming increasingly worn and worried. He knew his critics, who regard him in their most amiable moments as a capital-gains "pirate," would Bray long and loudly if he sold out. He also knew he could not go on running the club.

Then in mid-April another offer was received. Bernard E. Epton, a balding, quick-witted individual, visited Arthur Allyn shortly before Veck was to make his first trip to the Mayo Clinic. He made the same offer as Coleman had—\$4.8 million for the Veck group's 34% of the White Sox.

At one time or another, Epton had financial backing from a vice-president of the corporation that owns the *Chicago Daily News*, the *Chicago Sun-Times* and the *World Bank Encyclopedia*, from Marshall Field Jr. and Comedian Danny Thomas, and also the promise of a bank loan of \$2 million.

The sale to Epton came so close to consummation that formal papers were ready for signing.

It fell through early last week because Hank Greenberg insisted on an option of \$100,000 while details were being arranged, and Epton refused to pay it. Then, on Saturday, Veck and Greenberg sold their stock to Allyn, who thus became the majority stockholder in the White Sox. Greenberg took over as general manager.

Finally, peace and quiet returned to Bill Veck, though the phone still rang insistently. He was able to resume consideration of where he could go to rest and relax. "I'd like a mild climate," he said, "but one where you can see the searient change."

He turned to the atlas and opened it

to the map of Maryland. "The eastern shore of Maryland," he announced. "That's it." He circled an area around Cambridge, in Dorchester County. "It's on the Chesapeake Bay side of the peninsula, protected from the ocean. It's close to both Washington and Baltimore, and you can have your choice of watching four teams on TV," he said. "It has a mild climate, good schools and a climate which refrains from harrasing people of the wrong color or even those who like people of the wrong color, and it's good rolling country." Veck did not know exactly when he would go to the



VECK AND WIFE were restless White Sox promoters, attended functions together to recruit fans.

eastern shore. First he would return to Mayo for the tests and possibly exploratory surgery. His wife is expecting their fifth baby in late June so neither is ready to handle the logistics of uprooting the family and moving it east. In the meantime Veck goes on *fooling* about the White Sox and about the many ideas he hasn't executed yet. He also goes on reading his customary book a day. The books were stacked all around him on the cocktail table and on the end tables. He gestured at *Romance*, a new novel by Gladys Schreitt. "That's my next project," he said.

END

The wild ride of Cynthia Haydon

First and biggest of the eastern shows, Devon was distinguished by an English lady's cool handling of four storm-tossed hackneys

It was more like a scene from a Dickens novel than a Philadelphia Main Line horse show. Blue lightning streaked and thunder cracked as a cold wind lobbed curtains of rain across the ring. In the distance a coach approached, its lights blinking through the storm, four dripping boys scurrying and throwing mud in all directions. Ringmaster Sergeant Joseph Mularen, his red coat slicker-covered, lifted his bugle and sounded a no-horse-show tune: the *Navy Sailing* Call. That was the seventh day of the 65th Devon Horse Show, the first big eastern show, under conditions that would have brought the World Series, the Masters—or most horse shows—to a sudden halt.

But most American horse shows do not have Mrs. Frank Haydon on the scene. The day Devon started, Cynthia Haydon was collecting ribbons at the Richmond Royal Horse Show in England. A jet flight later she was in Devon for her first class, driving the hackney horses of Mr. Chauncey Stillman.

When the storm broke later in the week, she was atop Mr. Stillman's pink drag (a private coach-and-four) handling the fractious hackneys with the no-nonsense look of the headmistress of St. Trinian's. "It rains in England, too," Mrs. Haydon announced. "Let's get on with it!" So on they went into the flooding ring, the top-hatted footmen sitting behind with arms

steically crossed as Mrs. Haydon put the four-in-hand through the driving test marked by painted barrels. On her back came the coach of Mr. and Mrs. James K. Robinson Jr., last year's winner, its top jammed with soaked guests, among them the show's president, Lawrence Kelley. His gray flannels drooping, Kelley stood at the rear of the coach sounding calls on an English mail-bone as the judging and the storm continued. When the competition was over, Mrs. Haydon received the trophy from Miss Adele Stated, who, deciding to abandon dignity and save shoes, made the wet presentation in her stocking feet. Meanwhile, huddled atop the rival coach, watching his own winning four-in-hand, was Chauncey Stillman. Mrs. Haydon does not allow passengers when she drives.

Although the coaching classes are not new at Devon, the division for the hack-

AEROBATIC AL ROSE ALSO HAD EXCITING TRIP, NEARLY FELL (BELOW) AS GREY AERO LEAPED LAST FENCE IN OPEN JUMPER CLASS



any horses has been revived after so long a time as to seem new. Hackneys, numerous in the great days of coaching, have been steadily vanishing from the show ring in this country, although still popular in England and Canada. Here it is the hackney pony rather than the horse that is much in demand, and a chuck through the equipment brought to Devon by Stillman gives a clue as to why there are so few exhibitors in the horse division. In order to show his hackneys Stillman brought two gigs, two phaetons, two viceroys and the big Brewster park drag. As drivers, Stillman imported not only Mrs. Hayden but also England's Bob Kandie, who has been at the reins now for 50 years and will next drive in Melbourn. Exhibitors from Canada came similarly equipped and added to the international flavor. But it was a horse from the Hawthorn Melody Farms of Libertyville, Ill. who won the championship for single horses. Mr. John Cuneo, the farm's owner, is one of the last of the hackney horse breeders in this country.

Although the hackney division provided Devon with a bit of nostalgia, the jumpers, both green and open, brought the most excitement and some surprise winners. The \$1,000 jumper stake, for example, was won by Natchez, who did not win another ribbon all week.

Normally, the jumper division is considered the almost exclusive province of the male professional rider, but some ladies and amateur riders did an unusual amount of winning. In the special FEI class (which was televised in the New York and Philadelphia areas) William Robertson, a 20-year-old amateur making his debut in open jumping, rode his French Thoroughbred, Le Bon Chat, to victory after two jump-offs. Just five weeks ago Bill Robertson was unable to make his horse go forward. He got some coaching from Olympian George Morris that obviously paid off. Le Bon Chat and Robertson's other horse, Swords Play, were in the jump-offs all week.

In the green jumping, two other amateur-trained horses were frequently in the jump-offs but never quite made it to first place. They were owned and trained by Marcia and Alicia Bradford, twin sisters so nearly identical that for about half the week spectators thought that one girl was riding two different horses. The twins came to Devon by a devious route—they were born in Hollywood, moved successively to India, China, the U.S., Switzerland and England, and have spent the last five years

continued

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HORSE SHOWS continued

in Ireland. They plan to continue campaigning their Irish horses throughout the East, and although they won so Devon tricolors, Maria's Tatter King had won the green jumper championship at Farmington just the week before.

The Devon green jumper title was brilliantly captured by a palomino horse named Yellow Fever now owned by Mrs. F. Eugene Dixon and ridden by Mrs. Joseph Fargason.

Picking a champion

Devon is justly famous for its hunter classes, and although this year the entries in that division were lighter, the quality did not suffer and the show was better balanced. (There were nearly 950 horses and ponies entered.) In the green confirmation hunter division, Mrs. Elizabeth McIntosh of Waverly Farms had the special pleasure of picking a champion. Her King Murrem and Early Times tied for the title. All ties for first place must be broken—except when the horses are under the same ownership. Mrs. McIntosh chose to name her 3-year-old chestnut gelding King Murrem the Devon champion.

The saddle horse division was well represented, and on the right of the big storm the gaited horses gave the lie to the saying that they are fragile and can't be worked too hard. Seven appeared for the amateur five-gaited stake, their long tails tied up out of the mud and looking like movie queens with their hair in curls. Despite the heavy going, all did their five gaits in both directions. The best of the mudders was Mrs. A. S. Kelley's Fair Warning, who had won the ladies' class earlier.

The Dodge Stables' Rhythm Time was the junior five-gaited winner in one of the nicest junior stakes ever seen at Devon. Making her show-ring debut with Trainer Earl Tester is the saddle, the 4-year-old mare battled for first with Frank Bradshaw's My-My. Both are the offspring of champions—My-My's dam was Easter Parade, and Rhythm Time is out of Sweet Rhythm, a many-times champion who died last fall. Her sire is the world-famous Wing Commander. Rhythm Time gives every indication of living up to her royal heritage. She is Sweet Rhythm's last foal, and Earl Tester's newest stake winner. It is pleasant to recall that Sweet Rhythm was the first stake horse Tester showed for the Dodge Stables, in 1945.

END



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Bad news from Naples

When the Italian team won the world bridge championship for the fourth time last month in Buenos Aires, there was double bad news for the other teams in international competition. The key figure in the Italian triumph—Benito Garrozzo—was new to his team. He is a 32-year-old Neapolitan road builder, and he should be around for years.

Last year Italy's Blue Team, weakened by the absence of Guglielmo Siniscalco and Massimo D'Alella, could finish no better than sixth. Siniscalco was absent again this year, but with Garrozzo the Italians looked stronger than ever. Proving that he belonged at the top, Garrozzo entered two postchampionship pair events, gaining a first in one and, with Peter Laventritt of New York, a second in the other. This was one of the well-played hands in his partnership with Laventritt.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

		NORTH	
WEST		EAST	
		SOUTH	
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(Garrozzo)		(Laventritt)	
♠ K, T.	PASS	♠ 4	♥ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, Ace
♥ 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, Ace	PASS	♥ 4	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening leads: *draw of clubs*

North's two-club response asked South to show a four-card major suit if he held one. East's double of the artificial bid showed club strength—it was not meant for a takeout. This is the logical method employed by experts for coping with artificial bids. South duly showed his four-card heart suit, and North, with 10 points in high cards and an extra point for his doubleton in clubs, promptly carried him on to game.

West's opening lead was his lowest club, the customary selection from three to an honor in partner's suit. (Although East had not actually bid clubs, his double of North's club response came to the same thing.) East took his two top clubs and shifted to the spade 10. Garrozzo won with the king and led a trump to dummy's jack, which was taken by East's ace. The deuce of spades was won by South's queen, and two more heart leads cleaned up the trumps. Now, making the contract hinged on finding the queen of diamonds.

A simple finesse is a 50-50 proposition, but these odds can be substantially improved when the finesse can be taken either way and an expert is playing the hand. Some players believe that a missing queen will most often be found behind the jack. There is no rule or "percentage," of course, that will back them up, and whatever advantage they feel they get from their theory is not nearly so good as the percentage Garrozzo followed in deciding his play.

He led a third round of spades, completing his count of the distribution in that suit. Now East was known to have begun with only two spades and two hearts. West's lead had marked him with at least three clubs. Therefore, East must have started with at least three and possibly four diamonds. Mathematically, the player with the most cards in a suit will have the best chance of holding any given card. So, with the odds at least 3 to 2 in his favor, Garrozzo played for East to have the queen of diamonds. He laid down dummy's king and finessed the 10 on the next lead, thus bringing home his contract.

EXTRA TRICK

If your guessing average is only 50% or worse, the chances are that you are not counting out the unseen hands of your opponents. Whenever you can afford to do so, postpone your guess until you have played out enough cards in other suits to give you an idea which opponent has the greatest length in the suit you are trying to finesse. **BRB**

ON THE ROAD WITH THE GIRLS

by BARBARA HEILMAN

For 10 months of the year, professional women golf players tour the U.S. They travel self-contained as turtles in their shells, but occasionally there are times when the only compensations for a life spent on tour are pure victory or unwavering camaraderie. Here is the journal of an outsider who, for a few weeks, shared the professionals' life



I arrived in Dallas, and the next day an interview with Golfer Gloria Armstrong was published in *The Dallas Times Herald*. Gloria said the girls played poker and gambled with club members, and she described a birthday party in which she, her friends and her grandmother were all down on their knees shooting craps. Some of the girls on the tour, who are earnestly concerned that the world realize women professionals are really delicate blossoms, are in shock. Gloria's close friends are shaking their heads. Gloria just keeps saying helplessly, "The things that are there I said, but I didn't

say them that way." The upshot being that now the girls are worse-off. When they see me they stop talking about whatever they have been talking about, and tell me some more about what a grand group of girls it is and how they love each other like sisters.

As a matter of fact, they do get along together very well, as much as anything else because of the way they keep apart. The existing cliques don't accept anyone easily. It is not like an office, where it is no worse than tiresome to have someone intrude at lunch. On tour an intruder would be with you all the time—break-

fast, lunch, dinner, golf course and motel room. If the lines weren't clearly drawn as to how much who can bear to see of whom, the girls would go mad. It all illuminates a remark of Betty Rawls, "We get along real well. Some of the girls I won't have dinner with for a whole year," which at the time sounded like a new *inquiry*. The units into which the group breaks down seem to be the bridge players, the poker players, the new girls, the losers and Patty Borg.

The few further generalizations that seem to be defensible are: 1) Most of the girls were good athletes as children (it's degrading, I think, to call them "tom-boys"—they were valid athletes, as much as Joe DiMaggio and Kyle Rose were) who took up golf when their parents wrested away their football and baseball bats as unbecoming to young ladies. 2) Whether they care for touring or not, they now get restless after several weeks in one place. 3) Allowing for no exceptions, they love the game of golf profoundly, more than anything else. And 4) their enthusiasm for a life on tour varies according to their ages. Seventeen-year-old Sandra Haynie, 20-year-old Carol Mann love it. "You get to see so many places! And to meet so many people!" But 28-year-old Jo Ann Proctor says, "When I started out it was fun. Now it's work." And 41-year-old Betty Jamison, "If I had it to do over again, I think I would marry and have a family."

Perhaps it doesn't mean much. Ask 17-year-olds and 40-year-olds how they like life in the ribbon factory and I suppose you'll get the same kind of answers.

Ann. 16 The Dallas Civitan is over. Suggs won it (for the third consecutive year), and Sandra Haynie came in third. Sandra is so small (105 pounds) it seems unlikely that she could have the strength to be properly in competition with the Rawlins and the Wrights, but she is strong and, in time, may be one of the really good golfers.

(continued)

Photograph by Marc Karpel

Sandra Haynie and Pat Moore (at right) listen to records; Barbara Rossack telephones and the next of the week is home.



The weather was windy and cold, and the Glen Lakes course apparently lies on real hardpan; hitting down into it brought out a grand crop of old injuries. Sore hands, swelled backs, bad knees all reappeared as if by magic. Tremendous gallery, though, so the girls were pleased. I followed Betty Rawls, Betty Jamison and Barbara Romack on the final round. Romack was finishing out the tournament despite the news that her father had died on the previous day. Pity she was paired with Betty Jamison, who is a perfectionist: high-strung and

physically—straight blonde hair that turns up slightly, builds which are stocky but slender (or slender but stocky).

Betsy's 32, a Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Texas (major, physics), and she and Mickey Wright head up the bridge players. At the moment Betsy is president of the Ladies Professional Golf Association, an honor which is acknowledged to cost the holder money. The time it takes, the responsibilities on the golfer's mind seem to add an almost calculable number of strokes to the president's game. Betsy's is erratic in the first place—she will be on, and then way off. It seems likely to me that the presidency

Shirley's 21, has played golf since she was 6 and has always known she wanted to be a pro. She's sponsored by the Athletic Roundtable of Spokane, and she was signed by Golfcraft, Inc. in 1959. That, of course, is the sort of arrangement which is the financial backbone of the pro system—the salary from the sponsor and the deal with a company, which varies according to the company and the stature of the pro. (Berg and Suggs have salaries, expense accounts, income from autographed clubs, clothing bearing their names, etc.) The pro gives clinics in her company's name, attends functions and generally is supposed to play



Bob Hage dines amidst the girls: (from left to right) Ruth Jensen, Jo Ann Prentice, wife Marlene and Gloria Armstrong.

apt to be nervy and imperious on the course. Betsy was beginning to sharpen up after an indifferent start when, on the 10th hole, a fine drive bounced off someone inexplicably running across the fairway. The resulting lie was not desperate, but it would have been excellent, and the heart visibly went out of Betsy. Little Judy Kimball appeared from nowhere to say fiercely, "That just cost her the tournament," and disappeared again. Very hard on 22-year-old Judy, who worships Betty and suffers and dies over every stroke of her game. They even look alike, as if Judy were so susceptible of impression as to have been stamped

may be responsible for some of her disappointing tournaments this year.

APRIL 17 Drove halfway to Beaumont with Shirley Englehorn, coaling tractors. Her father is a John Deere distributor in Caldwell, Idaho, so the fact that we saw more Ford tractors than John Deere tractors was a matter of concern. They're tearing up the highway out of Dallas, and we had to pick our way through some messy construction. There are blueberries and Indian paintbrush all along the road, though, and the country turns green and wooded toward Beaumont. Pretty.

brilliant golf to the greater glory of the Spalding Golf, or whatever.

Those girls who don't show promise enough to arouse the interest of a company probably are going to finish consistently out of the money. Betsy says of them that she doesn't see what they think is going to happen, or why they stay on. I don't see how. Living on tour isn't cheap. Marilyn Smith, a former LPGA president, estimates that a girl shouldn't take to the road for a season without \$5,000 and preferably her own car. If she finishes regularly in the money she can manage comfortably. Last year first-place Louise Suggs made \$16,892;

Murle Higgs, 10th place, \$7,212; and Kathy Whitworth, down in 17th place, \$4,961. Few of the girls travel together any more. They used to, but though they may share motel rooms to cut down expenses, most find it easier on the nerves to come and go as they like. Too, four seasons' worth of clothes and all your golf equipment take up a good deal of room.

Halfway to Beaumont we overtook a car, which Shirley finally recognized as Murle MacKenna's, keeping a nose too straight course down the highway. Murle was sleepy, so I was given to her to keep her awake. A small-boned blonde, Murle is fastidious in that enviable way that makes neatness not something one achieves, but is. She's 22 and going to be married in the fall. She said of the older golfers, "I wonder what they think about homes, and children. They seem so lonely. Nothing to look forward to, to come home to." Precisely what one does wonder and can't ask.

We stopped for ice cream, at a place where no one had heard of any such flavor as coffee. "Coffee ice cream?" and arrived at the motel about 5.

BEAUMONT, APRIL 18 Went to a Rotary luncheon. The Rotarians are sponsoring the tournament here in Beaumont, and it's customary for the girls to go to luncheons and speak briefly. Mickey Wright and Betty Rawls aren't going to get to Beaumont, in time for their appearances, which is unfortunate. It means a great deal to the sponsors to have the bigger names among the girls. But Patty Berg was here for this one, with Murle, Carol Mann and Judy Kimball. Very nice to see the girls in dresses, with their feet showing white where their golf shoes stopped and their pumps didn't begin. The young ones were stout-hearted, if bashful, about their speeches—giggled a little, were fervent about the extraordinary pleasure of finding themselves in Beaumont. Patty spoke at greater length, and obviously out of a great many years of experience. She told golf jokes, and delivered them beautifully, spoke soberly of the Babe (Babe Zaharias was born and is buried in Beaumont, the tournament is the Babe Zaharias Open), was funny about her age and the girls' ages and Carol Mann's

height. Carol Mann happens to be 6 feet 2. "Carol Mann still holds a record she was the longest baby born in Bayshore, New York!" Patty trumpets, and everyone roars with laughter. Not just because it's funny, but because of Carol, who out of some well of essential good nature makes it fine that people laugh. At luncheons, at dinners, Carol stands there ducking her shock head and twisting her hands, knowing it's coming and turning red and shrieking. "Oh, Patty!" just before Patty gets to it: "Carol Mann still holds a record. . . ." Patty also upon all of these occasions reminds us that it isn't if you won or lost but how you played the game.

On the course Patty's Winston Churchill: shaped like him, doughty, peering out from under a visored cap set at Sir Winston's angle, requiring his exact lift of the chin to see out from under it at all. Her game is steady and solid. Amidst the chirping and excitement about what Wright may be doing and what Suggs probably is doing, Patty will always be found to have surfaced stolidly into the money. It is said that she relies heavily on her caddies—that her eyes aren't too strong any more, and she won't wear glasses.

Off the course she is an eternity of blue suits. Carol says Patty can't buy a blue suit in the city of Chicago, there not being one she doesn't own. The skirts of all of them come to a chaste four inches or so above the anklebone, and the material has been tested for irresponsible behavior in a wind. "What do you want any more of that stuff for?" her father is supposed to inquire in gloomy mystification when bills arrive for dresses or underwear. "You can't need any more of those things."

"My dad's a terrific reader," Patty says of him. "He's president of a grain company, retired. He's the busiest retired man I know. Daddy raises roses, in Fort Myers, Florida. Mother raises orchids." "Mother" is Patty Berg's stepmother. "My own mother dropped dead on Christmas Day," she says, with a certain clarity. It was a heart attack. But then, "One day I was out playing golf [Patty says golf] and I introduced Dad to this lady, and they've been married 19 years. She has red hair and freckles, and looks just like all of us." Of

continues



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ON THE ROAD

your life Patty says, with earnestness and love. "The girls are wonderful—they're very, very high class. The worst thing, of course, is that you're not with your family as much. I don't get to be with my father and mother and sisters, and my little nieces and nephews. But I have their pictures and everything, and they write on my birthday. My nephew wanted to go in the Air Force, so I got some books about it...." Patty herself was in the service, during the war—the Marines, from 1943 to '45. Now in her 43rd year, and her 20th year of professional play, Patty goes carefully, conserves her strength. She gets to bed by 10 o'clock and travels now by air. "At my age I can't very well get into an automobile and drive 900 miles to Augusta. I try to stay as relaxed as I can, and not to worry. This is the life I chose. I have to think it's wonderful."

Arns. 20 Talked with the wicked, wicked Gloria Armstrong 31, blue-eyed, most mild and amiable. She said of her customary amusements, "I read a lot, and watch television, and knit. It's only changing towns that keeps it from being dull. When I'm home doing the same thing it gets boring. On tour the things we do that are most fun are unplanned. We had a lot of fun in Gatlinburg, Tennessee. We had a picnic and went up into the mountains, and two bears came and stole the bread right from the table. We were all together, having a picnic. The most fun is always just getting together and having a party we've made up ourselves."

Of the difference between her contingent (poker-playing) and the others, Gloria says, "The big difference is that we aren't in training. I love golf, but I'm not going to sacrifice everything for the game. If some people want to, I think that's wonderful. But if I want to date, to stay out till 3 in the morning, I'm going to, and if I want to have a drink, I'm going to. I'm not going to stop talking to people because of golf. Some people get themselves into a trance on the course, but I may be thinking about my wash. The first couple of years I thought this was a good life—you get a chance to travel across the country.

Of course you wouldn't do it if you didn't like it, but it's a lot harder than some people think, waking up in the morning and you can't remember what town you're in.

"A lot depends on how you're playing. If your game goes sour on you it's miserable, and all you want to do is go home. When I was playing badly it got to my nerves—I was grouchy. I did go home, and said, 'I'm getting out of golf.' But what can I do? I had a year and a half of college, and you can't do anything with that. Sometimes a job you might like comes up when you're traveling, but you look hard at what it involves, and the first thing you know you're back on the tour. About 80% of the girls want to get married and have a family, but we aren't in a position to do anything about it, and here we are."

It's hard to determine why the chance to see the country pleased Gloria so. She says, "I'm not a sightseer. I can't think of anything I hate so do worse. I did look at the place where Custer had his last stand, because it was where you could kind of see it as you go by. And you can look at Mt. Rushmore, and I did stop at Old Faithful. We were very lucky—we got there about two minutes before it let loose. Otherwise I wouldn't have waited around."

Carol Mann, the night she arrived in Beaumont, got back into her car and drove till she found the oil refineries, because she had heard that oil refineries were what there was to see in Beaumont. Then she drove 40 miles to look at the Gulf of Mexico, and drove up and down the beach. "I found two sharks. They were washed up on the beach, and I tried to cut them open with my pocket-knife, but they were too tough, so I took the car and ran over them, but that didn't work either. I mean, I never saw the inside of a shark."

Arns. 21 Beaumont is a beautiful course—narrow, defined by its trees—and the weather is good. I followed Ruth Jensen, Louise Suggs and Sandra McCloskey. Sandra is new to the tour, was obviously rattled and hit some painful shots that had to be worked out from behind trees. Suggs and Jensen both moved in and surrounded her, making



Jo Ann Presine, crouched in the trunk of her automobile, shifts her sleeves away to her only permanent closet on the tour.

comforting, reassuring noises. With few exceptions the girls play together without strain or any gristly specific competitiveness toward their partners. Golf of course has a curiously private element, the sense of competition between oneself and prevailing conditions in addition to the competition between oneself and anyone else. Even so, the accord in which the girls play and their genuine interest in each other's game are remarkable. Marlene Bauer's husband, Bob Hagge, apt to be the only man in this sea of professional lady golfers, says, "I've seen it happen that one girl will help another who's having trouble with her swing, knowing that next week she may go out and beat her because of it. They'll come in after a round of a tournament and go back out to watch somebody else play. They play against each other, and they're playing to eat, and come in and are good friends. I defy the men to do it, at least without a couple of shots of whisky." (Bob isn't the only one who finds the women "tadler than the men.

Food Corcoran, who founded the Ladies PGA, left the men's PGA because they were too temperamental.)

Hagge, 6 feet 5, with almost transparently blond hair, intends to be a golf course architect but now shepherds Marlene through the tour. Before she tees off, he leaves. "Where are you going, Bob?" "I got to warm up," he says, a touch wryly. "Unwrap the balls, give the caddie ball, test the wind. . . ." And when Marlene comes in, grim and self-castigatory, calculating in dollars and cents what the last hole cost her, Bob reminds her of the good shots. No light breaks through. He points out that tomorrow is another day. Nothing. He sighs, says with the greatest gentleness, "Gren, keep playing it, if it makes you feel better. Go ahead and twist the knife." And Gertrude Bauer Hagge subsides, not happy, but as comforted as anything but time is going to make her. Marlene is small and careful and pretty. She diets, takes vitamins, gets enough sleep and dresses with a fair short girl

are rarely capable of. She is a sort of des mother to some of the girls, so there is the Hagges' room they are, hair in curls, in front of the TV set, playing cards.

Augusta, April 25 Carol Mann and I left for the Titleholders on Sunday, before the Beaumont tournament was over, Carol having finished out of the money and Augusta being 900 miles away. Marie and Kathy Whitworth left with us, and we picked up some others when we got to Baton Rouge on Sunday night; they called back to congratulate Mary Lena Faulk when they heard she'd won in Beaumont. We left early for Augusta. It was hot. Louisiana looked like Texas, Mississippi looked like Louisiana, Alabama looked like Mississippi and I suppose Georgia looked like Alabama, but it was too dark to see. We dragged is exhausted, but at any rate early, so the girls who had never seen it could get used to the Augusta Country Club course. And then for the next few days it rained.

continued

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Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

ON THE ROAD *continued*

When it rains you polish your shoes and play cards and look at television.

APRIL 26 Talked to Louise Suggs, the definitive loner. Louise Suggs is a proponent. I was suddenly conscious when I met her that life in this social society (the evenings of bridge in one another's rooms, ball sessions and dining together) has so much the air of college or summer camp. Louise is a woman of 37 ("I can't lie about my age, because I was born the night the ball park burned down") who is not about to live as though she were still in school. She finds out where the younger element is staying and goes somewhere else. She drinks Martini before dinner and does not see in it a topic for group thinking. She does not talk about golf. She is not interested in the tempests in the tour's tees, or in going to Fun Night, or in promoting some image of the professional woman golfer in the mind of the public, or in having \$15, taken off the top of the purse to divide among the girls who finish out of the money. ("I worked for my money, why shouldn't they? Why should I support them now if I get sick, are they going to feel an obligation to support me?") Louise is artfully forthright, and alienates people on occasion. "I guess I'm terrible," she says wistfully. "an awful bear." (A bear of whom Ruth Jensen says, "Louise is always doing things for you, and never lets you know she did.")

Fond of her or not, everyone respects her absolutely—personally and as a golfer. Louise was last year's leading money winner, is in the Ladies' Golf Hall of Fame, has been the National Amateur Champion, the National Open Champion, the British Amateur Champion and the Ladies Professional Golf Association Champion. She's won the Northern and South Championships, the Southern, the Western Amateur and Open championships. This year she has won five of the 10 tournaments she has played in and finished second or third in most of the ones she didn't win. In February, in Palm Beach on a par-3 course, she turned in 156 for 54 holes, to Sam Snead's 158 and Dow Finsterwald's 165, a feat about which she feels particularly gleeful.

Louise has put in her time as president of the LPGA and assuming association responsibilities. She is at present their member at large, but says, "I've served my apprenticeship. Now is the time for me to be able to slack off." She finds it hard being obliged to relate to people, whether she is feeling like it or not, because tournaments, clinics and business luncheons demand it. "Does it affect your own friendships?" I asked her. And Louise said, "I have no friends." She made nothing out of it. The friends she did have when she was a girl have married, and she sees them only once a year. There happens not to be on the tour anyone her age to whom she feels close. There is a friend, Jean Hopkins, who joins her briefly when possible but, with this exception, Louise means it, she does not have any friends. "It's not too bad, once you've made up your mind that it's necessary," she says of the life. "But basically it's no way for a woman to live. Don't get me wrong, I wouldn't trade it." So there she is, with her Cadillac and her traveling clothesline, her collapsible cooler, her clothes that don't need ironing, and no friends, in a motel room. A motel room at the top though, and if she has no friends she has a troop of admirers, in the front row of whom is me.

APRIL 27 It was still raining this morning. They moved the starting time back, and there were rumors that they would cancel for the day and play 36 holes on Saturday, or even cancel for good, but finally it was decided to begin in the rain. The girls teed off and moved out in mournful pairs. There was no gallery but the officials, in identical raincoats and pith helmets, and the press. I followed Sandra Haynie, who played badly. She proved later to have caught the flu, so got to spend a couple of days in bed in a motel room—in a motel where room service refused to involve itself in anything more elaborate than sandwiches. (Carol Mann did get a dish of ice cream, but they didn't extend themselves so far as to provide a spoon.)

APRIL 30 The 72-hole Titleholders is one of the important women's tournaments, and there was relief when on the second day the weather cleared. On the last day it was perfect. The course was dry

continued

Young Capitalist



Instead of a
new bike,
one share of stock

The well-known young investor Raymond Richmond of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

He's a 9th grader at Andrew Mellon Junior High, a member of the school's track team. Life is not—and one of Union Oil's over 65,000 shareholders.

He purchased a share of Union Oil stock out of money he earned from babysitting, washing cars, mowing lawns and clearing driveways of snow.

Ray's maturity in investing his money rather than spending it for a new bike, shows unusual good sense. He is learning early in life to put his savings to work. His parents can be proud of him.

We're proud that, of all the stocks he could have bought, he chose Union Oil. We are prouder still of the reason for his choice. He liked the fact, Ray's grandfather writes, "that Union Oil in its management, operations and outlook is American to the core."

Today, behind EACH of the 8.7 million shares of Union Oil stock, there are more than 61 barrels of liquid petroleum reserves... more than 463,000 cubic feet of natural gas reserves... large investments in refinery, transportation and market facilities... large investments, too, in research laboratories.

So long as we are free to compete—while serving the best interests of our country and customers—Raymond Richmond's and Union Oil's futures are assured.

YOUR COMPANY DESERVES. Help: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Corp., Los Angeles 17, California.

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA **76**

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ON THE ROAD continued

enough, and it was a marvelous final round. For a while, just before the turn, there was a four-way tie, Berg, Suggs, Mickey Wright and Kathy Cornelius. The gallery milled around the posted scores and the phone, unable to decide to follow any one of them and miss what the others were doing. In the end Mickey Wright took it from Louise by one stroke and won her first Titleholders. For years people have expected her to defeat this long course to which her long (longest in women's golf, in fact) drive seemed particularly suited. Very big day for Mickey, who received her green Titleholders' blazer, the Vare Trophy, the LPGA Babe Zaharias Trophy—about everything in sight. There were speeches and awards, and a good deal of ceremony, but Muriel MacKenzie wanted to duck out as early as she could, and she took me back to the motel. She was exhausted, and dissatisfied with her game; she wanted her supper, and to get to bed. She had to leave for Spartanburg in the morning to get her washing and ironing done there before practice. After

Spartanburg come Columbus, Nashville, New Rochelle, N.Y., Dillsburg Pa. and Bahusrol, N.J., Leesburg, Ind., Rockton, Ill., Minneapolis, Minn. and Waterloo, Iowa. Etc. I am going home.

New York. May I What do I think? Well, I see empty diner trays in motel corridors. I can hear Del Shannon singing *Rainbow* from Texas across Louisiana and Mississippi and Alabama, down 900 miles of highway into Augusta; I see tall Carol Mann working a gas pump herself, in the middle of the night, 200 miles out of Augusta, and in a fit of laughter letting it run over; I see self-casting Betty Jameson sitting up in bed, hugging her knees and groaning over a bad shot, and Bob Higgs leaning on this side of a door marked Men Only. And golf courses, stretching away, sunny and green, in that astonishing silence that can attend 30 people engaged in their life work and 5,000 others excited enough to come and watch. I don't know what I think, it's a life you can make anything you want to of, if it doesn't make anything it warns to of you first.

649

Alone in a motel lobby, "lamer" Lawrie Suggs reads a local daily newspaper.





HOW TO OWN A BIG DREAM ON A SMALL BUDGET. Here are two body styles not generally considered economy models. By habit, they're often more envied than owned. But that habit can now be broken. Because these two are Dodge Darts. And Dart is a full-size Dodge priced model for model with Ford and Chevrolet. In addition, Dart has a couple of special economy features its major competitors can't match. A unitized, rust-proofed body, and the new alternator which makes the battery last much longer than usual because it charges at idle. If you're driving the commonplace and dreaming big dreams, do this. Shed the commonplace. Drive your dream. On a very small budget. Your nearest Dodge Dealer will be happy to show you just how small it'll be.



DODGE DART!!



**HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX**

A roundup of the sports information of the week

WRESTLING EAST CAROLINA (Greenville, N.C.) forced into a pinfall when Sacramento State blasted it 14-5, secured a rebound after a 20-minute one to beat the California team 12-7 and save the NCAA championship at Texas Tech, Iowa.

MARKETBALL Two more parents were brought in to New York District Attorney Frank Hogan's child-abuse investigation, according to a New York Times report. In 1994 an cousin of the 17-year-old Connecticut teen, alleged to have paid \$1,000 as a share price, and 17-year-old Francis, a 1986 University of North Carolina graduate, is being alleged to have given her \$10,000 in 1994. The Times reports.

Remarks.—COLLETTA, successful collector of the A. masoni, 1 up in 1950, more different 1. masoni in many ways on Long Island Sound, the first, over a 20-mile run, by 1 minute and 45 seconds, the second, over a 15-mile run, by 40 seconds. Colletta's 1950-51 shipment Columbia, Arctic Knapp & Co., Wash. D.C.

體育新聞—▲昨日大衛杜杜·莫德爾，41 (year old)，score the full 18 rounds against Italy's Giulio Rinaldi at Madison Square Garden, not his youthful opponent up while recovering from a blow in round, retained his status of the world light-heavyweight (class) by a unanimous decision (see page 19).

GOLF For a third straight year QUEEN'S COLLEGE made a clean sweep of the National Junior College championships, at Orlando, Fla. Queens' Charles McIntire, with a nine-under-par total of 79, won the individual title, while Jerry Conley and Glenn Brown won the team title.

LAMAR, L.H. (Bismarck, Texas) was assigned against NATA championship in Shawnee, Okla., with a four-man total of 1,164. Texas Wesleyan, with 2,187, was second and Stephen F. Austin State third. Lamar's Bill Lewis took the individual title.

DAVE NIDZ KOPPEL of New Haven, Conn. shot an even par of 288 for four rounds to win the Summer-Busting Amateur Tournament in Johnstown, Pa. by one stroke over James Deane of Everett, Mass.

SWIMMING, 100-YD. AIR (10:00) 1:24.00 (out)
The Mac Lady's swimming season is about to start due to the 515,000 Welfare Use Tax at Biscayne. With Coach Shelby Dwyer, Air Rained finished a race in front of 20,000 people in a short, fast race and a new and a rock, ahead of the Mac Lady. All eight swimmers finished in front of 10,000 people each other, and the first four (the fifth finished in fourth place) were clocked in 1:41.0.

[illegible]

BBQ-ADPW-Y (361) answers Captain Papp's letter, granting an early class for the groundsilly crew by visiting the 524 130 Petty Uncommon Nighth at Deluge and Park to, nearly two engines over Myriad. Saddle's Canada (discretion in three states). Brownwood owned the five horses in 581.

ment. At 10:00 a.m., a 1961 Ford Mustang was spotted driving on the Hill 700. Argentinean Soldiers at Hilltopland Park within a 150' length is now Ballroom. Ken F. Stewart's Cuban Trade Network With Alberto Rios' Financial-Fidelity Study and List. With Edgar Brown, etc. Mr. Stewart ran the 11-000000 in 1962.

national volleyball championships for 1981. Navy, defending champion, hosted its college women with a 9-1 record, losing only to Army. The Cadets outplayed coach Josephine Virginia SOUTHWORTH, overcoming a 7-1 third-quarter deficit, defeated the North 12-9 in its fourth straight U.S. Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association winter game.

[illegible]

Byronn—MAYN'S undrafted heavyweight warmed up for the weekend's IBA fight with an easy, short-length victory over Wisconsin at Danvers. The Midler led all the way, fouled the 14-mile

common in E.H. 2. Mill, well arising at base from
mouth by mouth had a lesion, C. showing the more
than 100, in a lower portion in the C. common.
on 8-4-47 at Haverhill, N.H. on 10-15.

Yemen.—JOHN SHARPE, a Pin American College (Texas) player from Melbourne, Australia, defeated Tasmanian Jews, 5-0, in the 1st round of Round 3, 1971, 4-3, 1-6, 2-3 in the Malt (single championship) in Kansas City, Mo. Sharpe and JOHN RUSSELL, also of Melbourne, defeated Jim Watson and Ken Lewis 5-3, 3-5, 5-3, 3-5, 5-3.

2. **VENUE:** FAIR (Bosworth, Texas) was all nine matches in a series against a combined Oxford and Cambridge team in Cambridge, England. The first, as noted, included only one American, A. Ostrach, at Bosworth.

In the Northern Lawn Tournament in Manchester, England, SUNDRA KEYS NOLTON of South Africa found some stiff competition from a surprising compatriot. And he's a 66-year-old Lushes Tennis, men's 4, & 3. In reaching the final, losing, illustrating increasing awareness on his European tour, he has the U.S. Nat'l. Men's and South Africa's, Robert Schreiner.

SWIM & FIELD: THE MEET OF CHAMPIONS in Minnesota, dominated first by afternoon rain, then by the arrival at 5:30 NAC swimmers, including Olympians Matt Welsh, 19, and Ryan Tompkins, 17, of Riv. 5,000 Johnson, Mays, Zenas, and Johnson-Warlick. Of 200 a quick line set up to protect all eight student swimmers, nevertheless produced a 100-yard dash in 1:10.4, with Welsh and Tompkins, dashed the 150-meter event in 2:11.8. Eight swimmers of Ashland finished 1:40.2, 2:12.7, 2:21.7, and 2:40.2 to lead. Cliff Conner was the 44th and finished in 3:11.8. Matt Welsh, 19, of Riv. 5,000, won 100-yard dash in 1:10.4, and Tompkins, 17, of Riv. 5,000, won 150-yard dash in 2:11.8. Don Brown made valuable 15:10.34 anchor. Greg Criss of Ashland closed the dash 116 feet in 16.5 seconds. Criss also won the 100-yard dash in 1:10.4.

The first swimmer to the SHIPWRECK TRIP was a 12-year-old boy, Tim Warren, and his 11-year-old brother, Chris, led a Southern Illinois team on a National AAU all-city record of 2:12.8. Chris later set a meet record of 1:4 for the 100-yard dash. Other meet records were set by Harry Jones, who ran the 100-yard high hurdles in 1:1.7, and Western Michigan's Jerry Bark, who won a 100-meter freestyle. Mark Jacobs, coach, said that he is "pleased."

CORNBELL and PENN. open Cambridge and Gen. Ford with eight Best places (six seven in a dual meet in Ithaca, N.Y. Peter's Bob Haines climbed the ladder when he won the 440 over a sudden track in all 5. Cambridge's Michael Parker, a double hurdler, won the 220 low hurdles in 24.5 in to the most missed, the 130-yard hurdles in 14.4. Peter Bruchers of Cornell won the 800 in 1:52.4. Trans-

At the PALM SPRING ASSOCIATION meet in Highland, Calif., Santa Clara County Veterans' Meet, Tracy, Los Angeles, Fresno, California and San Joaquin set an American record of 46:34.5 for the four-mile relay, shattering nearly three weeks' old one-mile record set by the University of Oregon at the West Coast Relays in Eugene, Ore. The times: Tracy 4:12.3, Tulare 4:08.9, California 4:31 and Beatty 4:03.5.

WRESTLING. IRIAN planned down five in the right field medals in the world amateur freestyle championships in Yokohama, Japan. Germany took one, and Russia the silver one. In the Greco-Roman championships, RUSSIA captured five bronzes, while Romania, Hungary and the United Arab Emirates shared the silver. Great Britain's Brown was also named champion with 51 points. Iran captured 33, Turkey third and Romania fourth. The U.S., with no medalists, finished sixth among the 36 nations.

INJURIES: KAMELE PHILLIPS (SENIOR) OF THE WATKINS, 47, former New York Ranger hockey player (1917-48) and coach (1951-68), is a show-year contract as coach of the Boston Bruins, last in the NHL, in the 1980-81 season.

for the old New York, Chicago and one of the country's first big men in baseball at 5 feet 7 inches, in Reading, Pa. Haggerty was with the Celtics in 1939-40, the year the American League first banned double-teams in the playoffs and was slumped. HEINZ WILF HARRIS, 73, commander and former president of the U.S. Eastern Amateur Softball Association, was a college coach in Valley Forge, Pa. Haggerty lost his job in Washington, D.C. After entering Democratic in 1992, he financed their second Ohio loss 28-0.

A/CONF.92/L.1 (1997)

[illegible]

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JUNE 18, 1961

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Minnesota outdid the Chicago Cubs, coming up with three managers in five hours. When Owner Cal Griffith gave Cookie Lavagetto a work's "suspension," Coach Sam Rice took charge at 3:30 p.m. of that day. Melt was three-for-four in his first game, and at 8:30 p.m. Coach Eddie Lopat took command. A win over the Orioles ended the Twins' 13-game losing streak. Cleveland's Jimmy Piersall (see page 16) revealed a superstition about wearing the same shorts in every game and felt it was one reason for his league-leading batting average. Of his beloved but tainted underarmor Piersall said, "I might wear 'em all season." Detroit, hitting .277 at the week's start, batted 55 points below that, scored only nine runs and lost four of six. Baltimore, too, did not break any batting records, hitting .222. The Orioles' slugging average for the week was .351 exactly 100 points under the lowest in the majors last year. Baltimore's hitters, though, did break something—bats. In one inning Dave Philley and Jackie Brandt broke theirs. Then, using new ones, Philley doubled and Brandt helped. Using a new batting technique called Kansas City's Joe Pignatelli and Hollywood Sullivan. Manager Joe Gordon taught them to hit down on the ball, and Pignatelli and Sullivan (lifetime BA's .229 and .257) were hitting .326 and .298. Late-inning relief enabled Washington to snap back from losses to the Indians, who drew from the White Sox and move back to fifth. Those defeats dropped Chicago into last place.

A base-running error by Boston's Gary Geiger in a 4-4 tie with the Athletics hurt the Sox. Geiger missed a signal to hold up at third and was out trying for an inside-the-park homer. If he had stayed at third he would have scored on Carl Yastrzemski's long fly. Unlike most teams, New York did little wrong and won seven of eight. In one five-game span Yankee pitchers gave up only seven runs. Clete Boyer's play at third base was spectacular. Coach Johnny Stein had a new gauge for evaluating third basemen. He told of Boyer, "He throws better from his knees than anybody." Boyer threw from that position repeatedly after making diving stops. Los Angeles climbed to eighth. Ron Mueller and Ted Bewersfield shut out the Orioles, and Ken Arnesen (.382) and Leroy Thomas (.353) led the hitting.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Philadelphia's Robin Roberts won his first game, beating the Giants 3-2. With two out and two on in the ninth, Roberts missed a ground ball, but Shortstop Ruben Amaro got it for a forecheck at second. Roberts' teammate Frank Sullivan said of the play, "If that ball had gone through, nobody would have scored. We were all coming off the bench to make sure." In a game with Chicago, the umpire asked Sullivan for the ball so he could inspect it. Sullivan lobbed it in and Richie Ashburn hit it—fast. "If it had been fair, I'd have gone in out. I must be cracking up," Ashburn said. The Cubs hit a lot of fair balls (63) but



TIMELY HITTERS were Phil Niekro, Houston, whose three-run HR beat Giants 3-2, Sooner Willie Tave, with two runs, woning HOU.

were outscored 43-32 and lost four of five. Los Angeles got better pitching and, just as important, four home runs by Wally Moon. The Dodgers have won 11 of the 32 games in which Moon has batted. Cincinnati and Los Angeles traded the league lead four times. Heavy hitting by Vada Pinson (.423), Gordy Coleman (.409) and Don Blasingame (.360) kept the Reds going. Stan Musial also kept going for St. Louis. In an 8-6 win over the Cubs he hit two homers and two singles despite an ached tooth, a pulled leg muscle and a sore head. Eddie Mathews hit two home runs in one game and six all week as Milwaukee went on a record-tying homer spree (14 in three games). Still, the Braves dropped four of six. And the unheard-of happened: Warren Spahn lost twice in two days. Odd things also happened to Pittsburgh, as the Pirates made 12 errors, were shut out for the eighth time and lost four of six. San Francisco also bungled its chance to move up, splitting six games as the pitchers were hit for 30 runs in one five-game stretch. Jim Diersperger was out on a wild attempt to steal. He made a delayed slide of second, saw that the throw had him beat and headed back to first. He was safe there on an error but was thrown out when he turned and immediately tried to get to second again.

TEAM LEADERS: HOME RUNS

NATIONAL LEAGUE				
LA	Moon	12	W. Brown	20
Chi	Balentine	14	Fryer	11
St	Spahn	16	Phil	11
Phi	Clemens	8	Alfred	9
San	Blasingame	8	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	8	Alfred	9
Chi	Blasingame	8	Alfred	9
Chi	Blasingame	8	Alfred	9
Phi	Blasingame	8	Alfred	9

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Chi	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE			Total Runs Produced		
Wash	StL	307	49	25	63
Wash	StL	307	49	25	63
Wash	StL	307	49	25	63
Wash	StL	307	49	25	63
Wash	StL	307	49	25	63
Wash	StL	307	49	25	63
Wash	StL	307	49	25	63
Wash	StL	307	49	25	63
Wash	StL	307	49	25	63
Wash	StL	307	49	25	63

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Chi	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9
StL	Blasingame	10	Alfred	9

*Adapted from statistics by Mike from ARI

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE				
LA	Spahn	6-2	Spahn	6-1
Chi	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
St	Spahn	6-2	Spahn	6-1
Phi	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
San	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
StL	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
Chi	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
Chi	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
Phi	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Chi	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
StL	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
StL	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
StL	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
StL	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
StL	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
StL	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
StL	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
StL	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1
StL	Blasingame	6-2	Spahn	6-1

As the season progresses through September, June 30



Impossible.

A Volkswagen can't boil over.
It's physically impossible.

The reason is absurdly simple: the VW's rear engine is cooled by air, not water.

Since air can't boil, neither can the car.

If you had to, you could drive a VW all day at top speed through a desert. Or edge along in bumper-to-bumper traffic on the hottest day of the year.

You may get all steamed up, but not your Volkswagen.

Chances are you'll appreciate the air-cooled engine even more in winter. Air can't freeze any more than it can boil. So you don't need anti-freeze. (You couldn't put any in a VW even if you wanted to, there's no radiator. And so no hoses to leak. No draining. No flushing. No rust.)

In the past, a few VW owners have been amused to find a perplexed gas station attendant with a bucket of water and no place to put it.

But we've taken care of that in our '81 model. This year, a windshield washer is standard equipment.

It uses water.

Let the man fill it up.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PASS OR FLUNK?

Sir: Congratulations on your article on college basketball recruiting. *A Few Flashes Seen From Avarsos*, May 29. We nonathletic students with a C high school average had to "sweat blood and tears" to gain admission to the University of Detroit.

NAMES WITHHELD

Dear Sir:

Let us all know what Thomas Affetto gets on this wonderful paper. He deserves no lower than A⁺.

ROBERT KULANAKY

Stafford Springs, Conn.

● No news yet — NYU takes a little longer to make up its mind than some of the schools "Tom Fin" wrote to.—ED.

Sir:

Give 'em an A! Hell, they ought to flunk that smart punk kid out of school. The instigator of the hoax was not the 11 colleges and universities but one lying, cheating, double-dealing student who would use any means to get a good mark on his term paper.

You bet there's something wrong with our schools when an irresponsible student, just to get a mark on a paper, can embarrass 11 fine colleges and universities.

CHARLES A. JOHNSON

Los Angeles

Sir:

Your article has created a lot of talk, pro and con. In all fairness to Memphis State University, I would like to see you complete the story as it concerns our recruiting procedure.

You stated that I wired Fin, which I did, twice. This is correct procedure. I will receive \$50 to 100 such letters from boys around the country each year. My procedure when receiving such a letter is to contact the boy by letter, wire or telephone, first to find out how interested he is in our university. The most important reason for this contact, however, is to get the names of his high school principal and coach, plus the names of coaches of some of the teams he has played against. From these people we can then get a character recommendation, some notion of his academic ability as well as athletic ability. We will also request a film of one of the boy's games, if that school takes films.

The above is only the first step in our recruiting program. We then ask the boy to fill out a basketball data sheet. If we are interested, this sheet contains space for questions such as his height, weight, scoring

average, graduation date, type of course he has taken in high school, rank in his class, what he wishes to study in college, etc.

If the boy is still interested in our university and we are still interested in the boy, we will invite him to visit our campus, meet some of our faculty, the players here, and, in general, see what campus life is like at our university.

If the boy wants to come to our school after this procedure, he then fills out an application for admission. He has to pass the entrance exam, and the scholarship committee



to make a final judgment, or approval, before the boy is "in."

In other words, the university cannot grant a scholarship to a boy until he has gone through the procedure outlined here.

I think this information would be of great interest to your readers, because it brings out the other side of the story.

ROBERT VANANTTA

Basketball coach

Memphis State University

Memphis

HONESTLY!

Sir:

In the article *Fifty Percent of Marry* (Part II of *Dan's Can't Me Marry*, May 22), is the picture on page 96 correctly captioned? You say Marciano catches Mathews with a left hook. It looks to me like Marciano is wearing the black trunks. Am I right?

GARY MINTINI

Foston, Mo.

● Wrong, Marciano is in white. See pictures below.—ED.



OVERSIGHT

Sir:

I thought the drawings used in your Indianapolis race story (SL June 12) were terrific—but who was the artist?

TULLY RICKER

Westport, Conn.

● Bernard Fuchs, the same talented young artist who made such a hit with his paintings of the Masters golf tournament (SL April 31).—ED.

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PAT ON THE BACK



MIMI HENRICI

Star's starlet

In the country club atmosphere of Hollywood, kids grow up playing golf and tennis the way kids elsewhere play hopscotch and stickball. Even so, it took a lot of coaching to get Viennese Actor Paul Henreid's daughter Mimi to play tennis. When her older sister Monica started taking lessons on the family court eight years ago, Mimi hovered bashfully on the sidelines, watching but refusing to play. "Only after months of cove-dropping," recalls Henreid, "did Mimi

finally decide to have a try at the game."

Once started, however, Mimi was impossible to stop. Within three years she was playing tournament-caliber tennis. Last year, at 15, she earned a No. 2 place in the national rankings for girls of her age.

"She has a fine potential," says Mimi's proud father. The only trouble is he can no longer enjoy playing with her. "The last time we played she spotted me 30 love, and I only took one game."

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JUNE 19, 1961

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